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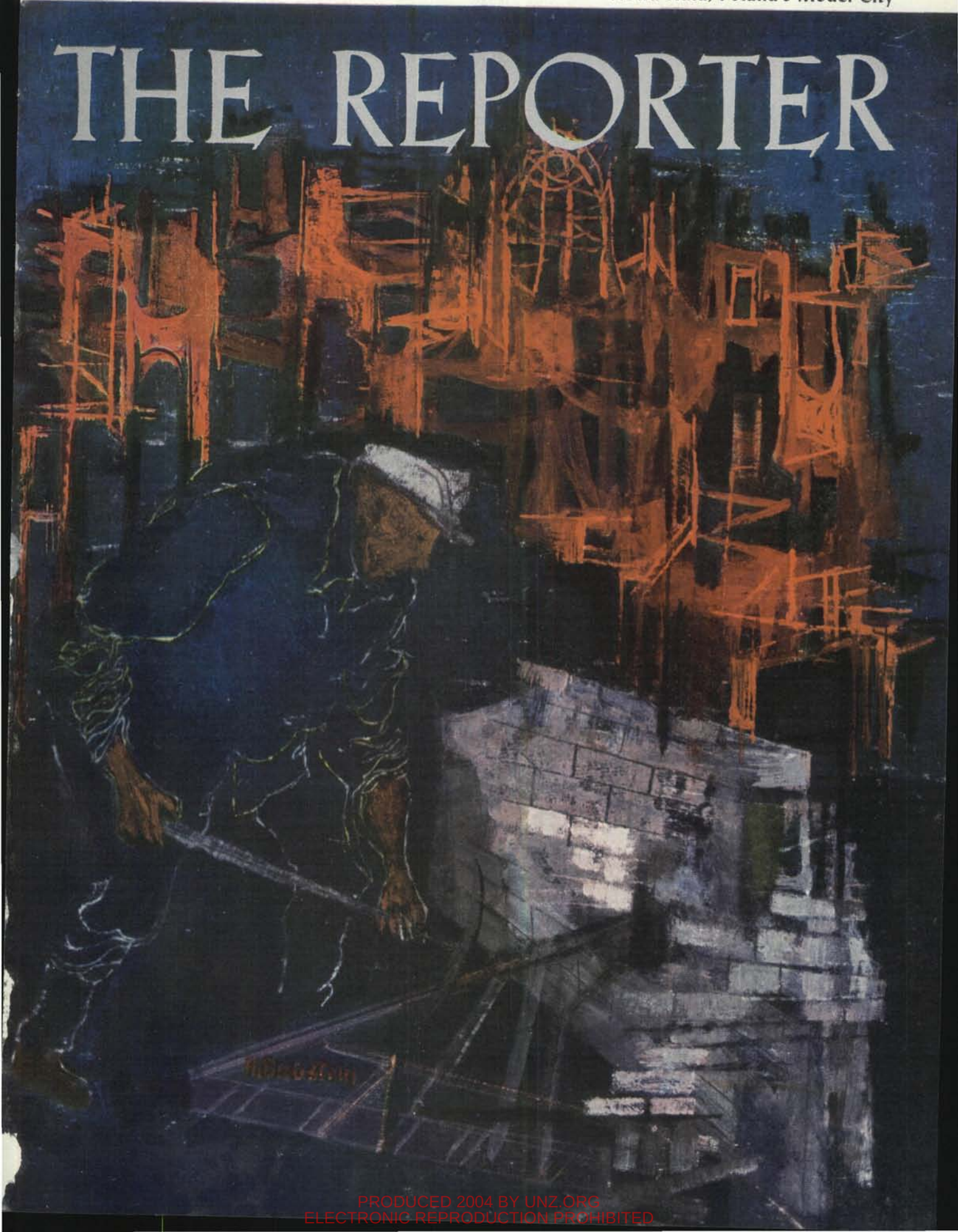

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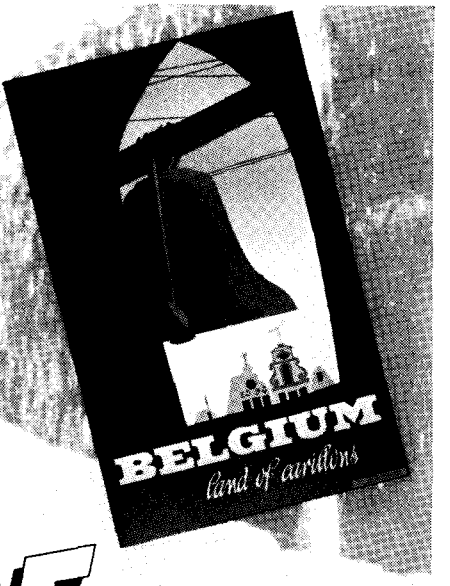

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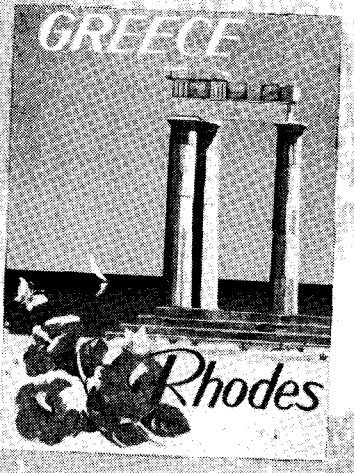

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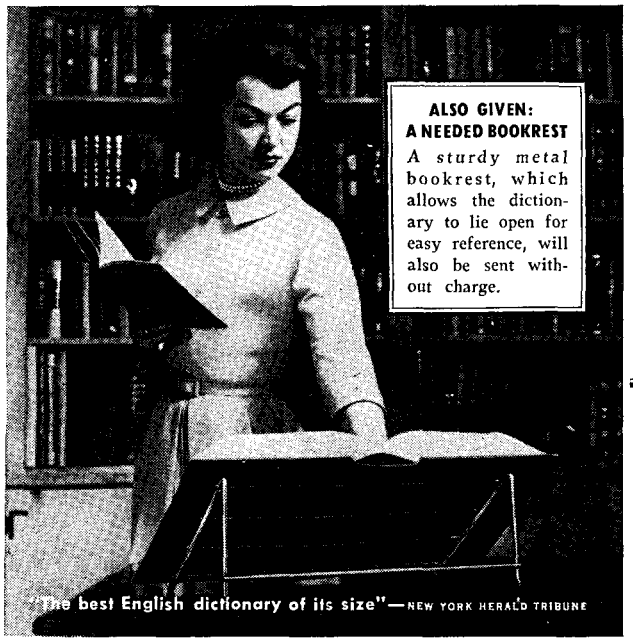

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Nerve Centers

We went to take a look at the two parties' national headquarters in Washington. Here is what the naked eye could see:

Physically at least, the Democrats' operation is sprawling yet highly coordinated. It is scattered, so far as we could find, through at least three buildings and two hotels. This is not to mention what other segments are hidden away heaven knows where. The Republicans, on the contrary, work in one neighborhood, mostly in space rented from Republican social hostess Gwen Cafritz's husband. Some of the work, of course, is done in the White House.

The Democrats seem to be in higher gear than the Republicans. With the partitions already up and the new tiling down, the campaign H.Q. is highly impressive in its transient durability. The statistics we were given are also impressive. Five thousand letters a day coming in by mid-September, the head of the correspondence section told us—three times as many as for the comparable period in 1952. An aide added that 1,500 of these letters contained contributions, averaging $1,000 a day.

The Democrats, in a spirit of egalitarianism, seem to have put up stalls of approximately the same size for all their potentates. We found last time's Vice-Presidential nominee, Senator John Sparkman, now serving as head of the Speakers' Bureau. He noted two significant changes from 1952. The first is that local Democratic leaders as well as Congressional candidates show great eagerness to be seen with the party nominee. (In 1952, quite a number of them happened to be "unavoidably out of town" when Stevenson and Sparkman came through.) The other change is a heartening absence of prejudices and rancor. F. Joseph ("Jiggs") Donohue, Kefauver's campaign manager, reported calls for Kefauver speeches from politicians who a few weeks ago didn't want to have anything to do with him.

What strikes the observer particularly is the Democrats' quiet confidence. We found Katie Louchheim, Vice Chairman and Director of Women's Activities, toying with the idea of another debate with her Republican counterpart, Bertha Adkins. "I murdered her last time," she said modestly.

The brain and speech center for the Stevenson campaign is hidden away in a row of offices on the seventh floor of the old Stoneleigh Court Apartments on Connecticut Avenue. There one finds Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., down from Harvard, a telephone in one hand, beating away on a typewriter with the other, all the while smoking a big cigar. There is a new hardboiled quality about the eggheads. There are far fewer speechwriters this time than there were in Springfield four years ago, we learned.

There was indignation over a column by James Reston in the New York *Times* a few days earlier reporting ill feeling between the eggheads and the pros over the speeches Stevenson was giving. We were told that, if anything, the eggheads compete with the pros as to who is playing politics more professionally. Why, campaign director Finnegan didn't even know Stevenson was going to make that reference to the draft, it was said. There was scorn at the notion that the speeches had been better last time. "They were full of eloquent nonsense," snapped one man who had written a number of them. "This time every speech is full of substance."

OVER AMONG the Republicans one got the feeling that they were celebrating rather than conducting a campaign. In fact, they were almost apologetic for the lack of bustle around the office. Everyone was catching his breath, it was explained, and thinking hard.

There is an Ivy League quality about the offices of the Republican National Committee. The research director sits in a book-lined room—books about philosophy, religion, and the like—that would do credit to a professor of divinity.

They didn't *have* to look so busy, we were told, because they had been getting ready for a long time and every man knew his job. Of course, there was one Republican who had a surprise in store for him. That was the President. He might think he was going to hold to Plan A, which envisages only a few televised appearances. In case he didn't know it, Plan B had already gone into effect. The President was going to be used good and plenty in this campaign and, what's more, he was going to like it!

The most interesting, if not the most impressive, adjunct to the Republicans was the recently established Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Eisenhower, known as CASE, or, alternatively, as Eggheads for Ike. We found its executive director, a young man named M. Robert Rogers, in a little office on G Street pretty far from the hum of things. Rogers's press release indicates he had received a Harvard degree *magna cum laude* in music. His high-level career had been interrupted only by a spell as president and editor of *Click*, a rather non-high-brow picture magazine. CASE, we learned, had been set up at the instigation of Sherman Adams himself, who has thoughts of transforming it after the campaign into a permanent organ, for what purpose we couldn't exactly figure out.

An impressive list of Eisenhower eggheads has already been mustered, we were told, and many more recruits were on the way. Are any of these eggheads defectors from the Stevenson ranks? None was presently in sight, but Rogers expressed optimism. He was elated by Mr. Stevenson's mispronunciation of

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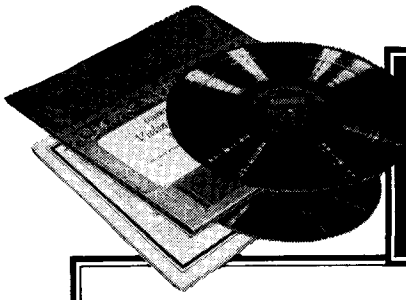

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the word "elite" in his Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, speech. This was the sort of thing that caused real concern among the intellectuals.

The State of Culture

Every fall, when our schools and colleges reopen, earnest people grow particularly concerned about the state of American education and popular culture. This September, as a record 41.5 million students flocked into the classrooms, authorities spoke of an unprecedented crisis in finding places for those who wanted to learn, while many critics asked what, in fact, they were learning.

Never before have the voices of these critics been so sharp. After having been told that Johnny can't read, the public heard from the Carnegie Corporation that very often he can't add, either—partly because many of his arithmetic teachers themselves can't add (that is, when he even has an arithmetic teacher). Returning travelers have warned us that the Soviets are far ahead of us in higher scientific teaching. Liberal-arts professors and writers have banded together in the newly formed Council for Basic Education to fight leveling-down processes that are reducing public schooling to mere vocational and "life-adjustment" training inimical to the three Rs in general and good books in particular. One *Reporter* staff member exploded last week when he found that his daughter's work in seventh-grade "English" in a progressive public school had consisted so far entirely of exercises in how to answer the telephone.

Then what's left for culture? With simplified mass education the fashion and all the distractions of TV coming on top of it, are books on their way out?

NOT QUITE. In mid-September the bookselling firm of Brentano's, with stores in New York, Washington, and San Francisco, made a unique experiment. It staged what it called a "festival" of mass-produced paperback volumes of high-caliber cultural and scientific content and took full-page newspaper advertisements listing the titles on display. In the New York store, a whole floor was given over to the sale. One could pick, from the tables representing twenty-odd paperback publishers, low-cost copies of books ranging from Gilbert Murray's *The Literature of Ancient Greece* and Louis Bradvold's *The Intellectual Milieu of John Dryden* to Erwin Schroedinger's scientific essays and *Waiting for Godot* by Samuel Beckett.

On the day we dropped in, easily a hundred people were busy browsing among the tables. A young couple who seemed quite well life-adjusted came away with copies of Tacitus and Ovid. Three people bought copies of *Mathematical Recreations* while we watched—which may help at least those three catch up with the mathematical Soviets. "We've never had such volume as this before," said Donald R. Geery, manager of the New York establishment. "It's astonishing."

"What's your best paperback seller at the moment?"

"*The Dead Sea Scriptures* is doing remarkably well," said Mr. Geery.

Near the entrance, piled in stacks, were reprints of Rudolf Flesch's *Why Johnny Can't Read* (35 cents) and Albert Lynd's *Quackery in the Public Schools* (95 cents), which charges that there is a virtual conspiracy among educators to keep Johnny from reading anything intelligent.

"How are these two doing?" we asked the clerk.

"Not badly at all. Very well, in fact."

For Better Worlds

Andrew G. Haley, the general counsel for the American Rocket Society, has given us food for thought. In discussing the need for space law, or "metalaw," he says that our Golden Rule, based on Matthew's "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," was too limited. "In metalaw we may deal with all forms of existence, perhaps with sapient beings different in kind . . . We must treat them as *they* desire to be treated."

Will there be any race or shape problem in interplanetary dealings with other "sapient beings?" And who sets the standards of sapience—we or they? At any rate we welcome the idea that there won't be any interplanetary Jim Crow.

Time for a Breakthrough

Surely everyone recognizes by now that the Suez crisis is not just a battle over a canal but a crisis of attitudes about the whole Middle East. We see no point at this time in digging out the bones of the recent past and trying to determine who was responsible for the miscalculations that led to this impasse. The thing to do is recognize that the impasse is in an era where no one can safely afford to continue it. Not only do ships have to get through the canal; a new conception of what the nations themselves should do has got to get through.

The "users" of the canal can't provide this by simply threatening to non-use Suez. You can't steer indefinitely around it any more than you can skirt the problem of the Middle East as a whole. Neither can any side simply seize it by force. Everyone is concerned with this essential crossroads area, "users" and present little-users alike—the peoples of India, for instance, no less than the traders of Britain and the strategists of Washington and Moscow. No one can safely be the Middle East's master, but neither can anyone be without rights there.

We have felt all along, as stated in the editorial in our September 20 issue, that the way out of the impasse is first to recognize its scope.

Neutralization of this whole eruptive region, guaranteed by the major powers under the auspices of the U.N.—this seems to us the best answer. It will involve bringing in Moscow. And why not bring in Moscow? It is deep in the Middle East already. All of us are in it, and getting beyond our depth.

The other day, correspondent Kingsbury Smith of the International News Service addressed to Soviet Premier Bulganin a query as to whether the Soviets would agree to a great-power meeting on the Middle East crisis which would include the Soviet Union, India, and Egypt, along with the western Big Three. He got a favorable answer. It is a new development to find foreign-policy suggestions passing between the Hearst press and the Kremlin with apparent agreement between the two. But the suggestion is a good one anyhow.

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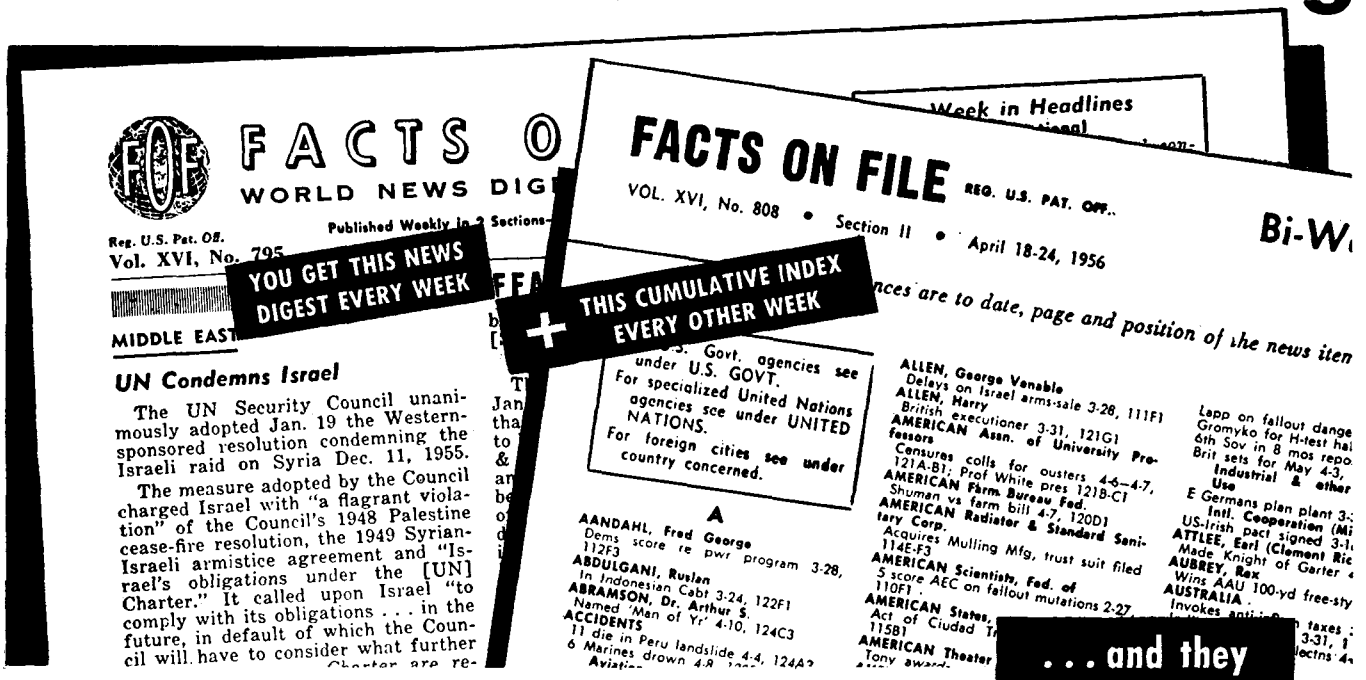
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UN Condemns Israel
The UN Security Council unanimously adopted Jan. 19 the Western-sponsored resolution condemning the Israeli raid on Syria Dec. 11, 1955.
The measure adopted by the Council charged Israel with "a flagrant violation" of the Council's 1948 Palestine cease-fire resolution, the 1949 Syrian-Israeli armistice agreement and "Israel's obligations under the [UN] Charter." It called upon Israel "to comply with its obligations . . . in the future, in default of which the Council will have to consider what further
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Week in Headlines
Bi-W
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Govt. agencies see under U.S. GOVT.
For specialized United Nations agencies see under UNITED NATIONS.
For foreign cities see under country concerned.
A
AANDAHL, Fred George
Dems score re pwr program 3-28, 112F3
ABDULGANI, Ruslan
In Indonesian Cabt 3-24, 122F1
ABRAMSON, Dr. Arthur S.
Named 'Man of Yr' 4-10, 124C3
ACCIDENTS
11 die in Peru landslide 4-4, 124A2
6 Marines drown 4-8
ALLEN, George Venable
Delays on Israel arms-sale 3-28, 111F1
ALLEN, Harry
British executioner 3-31, 121G1
AMERICAN Assn. of University Professors
Censures colls for ousters 4-6—4-7, 121A-B1; Prof White pres 121B-C1
AMERICAN Farm Bureau Fed.
Shuman vs farm bill 4-7, 120D1
AMERICAN Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp.
Acquires Mulling Mfg, trust suit filed 114E-F3
AMERICAN Scientists, Fed. of
5 score AEC on fallout mutations 2-27, 110F1
AMERICAN States,
Act of Ciudad T
115B1
AMERICAN Theater
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Industrial & other Use
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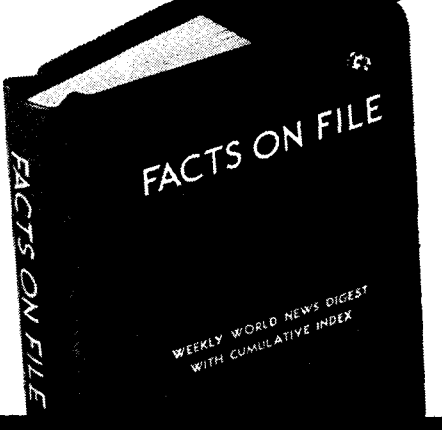

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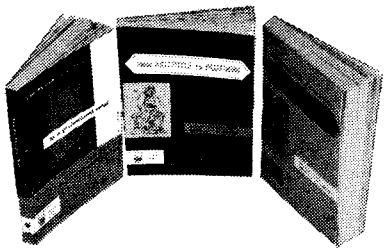

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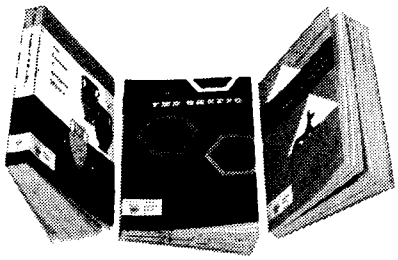

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CORRESPONDENCE

TV AND POLITICS

To the Editor: I found William Harlan Hale's article "The Politicians Try Victory Through Air Power" (*The Reporter*, September 6) most interesting. It was a tremendous insight into the 1956 campaign and the role which television can be expected to play in this campaign.

Jack F. Christie
Television and Radio Director
Democratic National Committee
Washington

To the Editor: In discussing the use of TV one-minute spots in the 1952 campaign, Mr. Hale quotes the housewife who asked, "Mr. Eisenhower, what about the high cost of living?" and Mr. Eisenhower's reply, "My wife, Mamie, worries about the same thing. I tell her it's our job to change that on November 4th." Mr. Hale goes on to assert that "It was corn, but it won votes." I would like to see specific documentation for the second half of this assertion. Can it be proven that such spots won more votes than they alienated? I think it is quite important, before we permit ourselves to be altogether apprehensive about the political impact of such a medium as television because of our revulsion toward such stunts as this, that we ask ourselves, "Are the American people really that gullible?" I for one would submit that Mr. Eisenhower won in 1952 in spite of such corn, not because of it.

I would also submit that, despite its potentialities for corn, television could become an indispensable force for social cohesion, without which our mass society might someday cease to be viable. It is tempting for us still to regard the New England town meeting as our model of democracy, but you can't have a town meeting of a hundred million voters. Through television, however, a "quorum" of those voters can obtain a sense of participation in such things as the party conventions. And this sense of participation is not altogether illusory so long as the actual participants in the conventions know they are being watched and shape their actions accordingly. Such "two-stage town meetings" may be the only hope for effective mass democracy.

William R. Catton, Jr.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

To the Editor: I would like to thank Marya Mannes ("TV: Too Much of a Good Thing?," *The Reporter*, September 6) for virtually the only intelligent report I have read on electronic journalism's encounter with the 1956 political conventions.

John F. Day
Director of News
Columbia Broadcasting System
New York

'EXACTITUDE OF EXPRESSION'

To the Editor: As an apprentice writer and humanist, I heartily second Mr. Malcolm Cowley's animadversions on social-science writing ("Sociological Habit Patterns in Linguistic Transmogrification," *The Reporter*, September 20). As an apprentice social scientist, however, I cannot let them go unchallenged. My objections to Mr. Cowley's position are chiefly the following:

¶ Exactitude of expression is a prime requisite for scientific discourse; ordinary language is almost always inexact and will therefore not do, in most cases, for scientific purposes.

¶ Every style must be adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. The purpose of scientific discourse is entirely different from that of literary discourse. It is therefore incorrect to judge scientific discourse by the usual literary standards.

¶ Unfortunately the English language, in comparison with French or German, is a poor vehicle for scientific discourse. Except in the hands of an unusually skillful writer, it must be pulled somewhat out of shape in

order to bear the burden of rigorously logical thought.

¶ Nobody objects when a biologist, a physicist, or a higher mathematician, in addressing his colleagues rather than the public at large, uses terms and expressions which are incomprehensible to laymen. Why, then, should a social scientist be denied similar privileges?

Before accusing sociologists of doing nothing but restate the obvious in involved terminology, Mr. Cowley should remember that many propositions which on the basis of common sense are perfectly obvious have not stood up under rigorous scientific investigation, due to their being founded either on inadequate information or on an inexact use of words. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy is a striking example of this from an area of science which at the moment is held in considerably more respect than sociology.

S. P. Dunn
Department of Anthropology
Columbia University

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NO 'TAAM,' NO TASTE

To the Editor: If Paul Jacobs had a little *Kaffeeklatsch* story to tell ("When Politics Had 'Taam,'" *The Reporter*, September 6), we wonder why *The Reporter* had to give him space for it, and no less than four full columns, allowing him to publicly amplify his condescending tolerance of people with foreign accents and limited schooling.

Hiding behind the license of a putative humor, he tosses out many snide and smirky remarks which one hesitates to dignify with a reply.

Not only was it without *taam*, it was decidedly in bad taste.

It may not be a bad idea for *The Reporter* to have something about the kind of people who would see fit to hold a Léon Blum memorial meeting in this country, but the writer should approach his subject with some respect. Perhaps reverence.

WILLIAM STERN
Director, Youth Division
Workmen's Circle
New York

Mr. Jacobs replies:
During the period that I was a member of the Workmen's Circle, one of the things I liked most about the organization was its sense of humor, which appeared, among other ways, in its ability to laugh at itself. This characteristic was still present, fortunately, when I addressed one of its meetings a few months ago. I can only hope that Mr. Stern's letter does not reflect a loss of this virtue among the Workmen's Circle youth.

SAROYAN

To the Editor: "American Writing As I See It" (William Saroyan, *The Reporter*, September 6) certainly has latitude—and longitude. It is somewhat like choosing the universe for your subject. With such, about all a writer can do is jab his harpoon into the ocean from time to time and see what he has speared.

I do not agree that "a people must have a fable" in the sense of something not true. That the American people today live too largely by myths does not prove they must do so. On the contrary, I hold that "the resolute putting off of the garments of make-believe is the only cure for the ills that afflict men and nations."

ROY L. MYERS
Eagle Pass, Texas

To the Editor: After reading William Saroyan's summary of American writing I had an odd and uncomfortable feeling of having heard a pleasant somebody say that the primary trouble with most of the good American writers is that they aren't Saroyan enough. The political and scientific complexities of the contemporary era have made Saroyanism a kind of harmless joke among writers.

ROBERT A. PERLONGO
New York

To the Editor: William Saroyan's "American Writing as I See It," has interested, amused, and consoled me.

REBA STEWART
Boston

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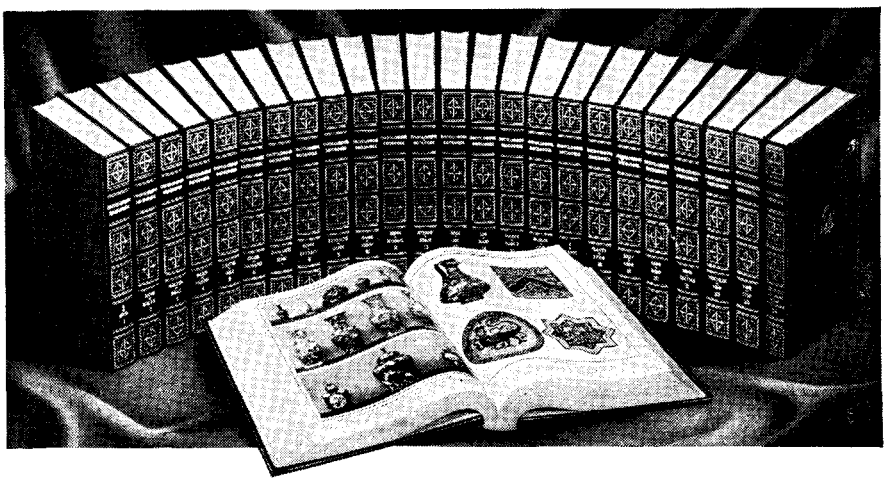

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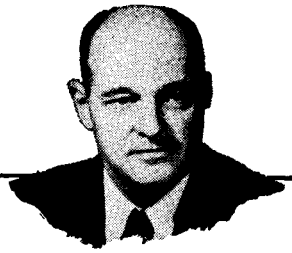

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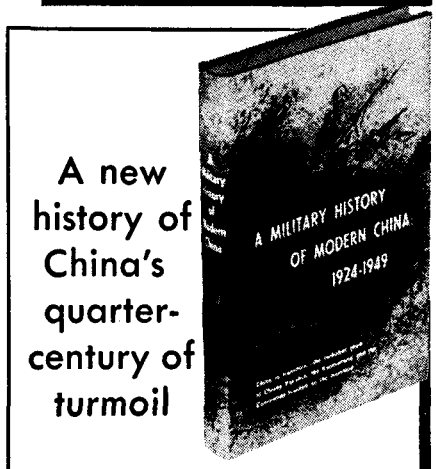

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS campaign the candidates have been talking tirelessly, so far, about everything except what matters most. This is not surprising since it is what usually happens. By and large, what has been left undiscussed is the whole realm of foreign affairs. Consequently the Presidential candidates run the danger both of not addressing the nation as a whole and of not having their voices register in the rest of the world. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli,** who has just returned from a brief trip to Europe, says that so far the campaign alarmingly resembles an off-year rather than a Presidential election.

One of the major foreign-policy issues goes by the name of coexistence. **Chalmers M. Roberts** of the Washington *Post and Times Herald* reports that we have been coexisting with the Russians much more than is generally known—in cultural, technical, and many other fields. The two articles that follow describe what is happening beyond an Iron Curtain that now is somewhat perforated. **S. L. Shneiderman,** a Polish-born journalist and the author of *Between Fear and Hope,* has recently returned from a three-month visit to his native land, bringing back the story of a twofold and gigantic experiment. The Polish government is making a great effort to develop steel production, an effort that seems to be bringing results. It is also trying to remold the Polish soul. But few races are more stubborn than the Poles, and the Polish peculiarities are not likely to be easily erased. They have withstood an extraordinary amount of suffering and repression.

When **Leslie B. Bain,** lecturer and free-lance writer, traveled recently to Hungary, he had the advantage of knowing the language. Talking with many Hungarian Communists, he found that while most of them still professed to be Marxists, many of these Marxists were inclined to include in their Communist orthodoxy a surprising number of liberal and democratic deviations.

Our Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** has taken a look at the Stevenson campaign organization, and particularly at the highly skilled professional whose relationship with the Democratic candidate recalls that of James A. Farley with F.D.R. in the 1932 campaign. Certainly there are as many differences between Mr. Finnegan and Mr. Farley as between Stevenson and Roosevelt, but the two Irishmen have this in common: They are experts in keeping the intricate machinery of a political party so well oiled that the man in charge can make the best use of it. **Henry L. Trewhitt** of the Chattanooga *Times* reports on a conflict that is particularly striking because it is being fought out between the interests of Southern workers and their racial prejudices. Once again we are reminded that desegregation affects not only the schools but every aspect of organized life in the South—including the trade unions. Our Mediterranean Correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** went recently to Spain and left with the conviction that there is trouble ahead for that country.

Hortense Calisher, who spent the summer in England, tells us about the girls who dance and the girls who stand still in a remarkable London music hall. **Antonio Barolini's** story is his first publication in this country. Mr. Barolini, an Italian poet and short-story writer, is now living in the United States. **Jean Paris,** a French drama critic who for two years edited *Théâtre Populaire,* has written a play that will be produced this winter by Jean-Louis Barrault. He is the author of books on Goethe and Shakespeare. **Virgilia Peterson,** author, lecturer, and book reviewer, is regularly heard on her program "Books in Profile," over New York City's radio station WNYC.

Our cover is by **Al Blaustein,** a young American artist now painting in Rome, whose current New York exhibition is attracting considerable attention.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

WHEN DOES THE CAMPAIGN START?—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 10

The Post-Stalin Era

THE WIDENING CHINKS IN THE IRON CURTAIN . . . *Chalmers M. Roberts* 11

BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLAND'S MODEL CITY . . . . . *S. L. Shneiderman* 15

HUNGARY: GUILTY CONSCIENCES AND REHABILITATED CORPSES . *Leslie B. Bain* 18

At Home & Abroad

NEW TRAINER FOR THE DONKEY—PHILADELPHIA'S FINNEGAN *Robert Bendiner* 22

SOUTHERN UNIONS AND THE INTEGRATION ISSUE . . . . *Henry L. Trewhitt* 25

MAGIC CASEMENTS OPEN FOR THE CAUDILLO . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 28

Views & Reviews

BOWLERS AND BUMBERSHOOTS AT A PICCADILLY PEEP SHOW . *Hortense Calisher* 33

THE RIVERS OF VICENZA . . . . . *Antonio Barolini* 37

THE CLOCK STRUCK TWENTY-NINE . . . . . *Jean Paris* 39

HENRY JAMES CAME HOME AT LAST . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 40

INSIDE OUTSIDE . . . . . *Virgilia Peterson* 44

LADDERS, TUNNELS, AND COLOSSAL NERVE . . . . . *Al Newman* 46

BOOK NOTES 48

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In addition, some of the leading scholars, writers and critics of our time have contributed capsule essays on what seems to each of them to be "the most neglected book in the last 25 years." In this section you will find Brooks Atkinson, Elmer Davis, Aldous Huxley, Sidney Hook, Carl Sandburg, Lionel Trilling, among the fifty famous contributors.

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MAX ASCOLI

When Does the Campaign Start?

FROM THE MOMENT the American traveler lands at a European airport in these post-convention, pre-election days and starts meeting friends, he has to face it: Even the most politically minded Europeans could not care less about our elections.

Four years ago, our Presidential campaign aroused passionate concern all over the world. Not just a new American Chief Executive was being elected, but the leader of a world-wide community of men united by a hope and a faith. This time the traveler has the feeling that in foreign eyes it is as if we were having a country-wide contest for sheriff.

THE lack of interest now is largely caused by the still vivid memory of that passionate concern four years ago. A man with a great name and a glorious record was elected then, but aside from the outstanding role he played at Geneva, it cannot be said that he or his Administration succeeded in providing the democracies with the cohesiveness and resilience that the new type of Communist aggressiveness demands.

A sort of sulky provincialism, a more or less embittered Brickerism, has spread through the western alliance during the last few years. It would be incorrect to say we led this trend, but we have well represented and glamourized it by becoming increasingly self-centered ourselves—with many, many centers, for many, many selves or self-interests, all wrapped up in prosperity and peace.

This year so far there has been a great deal of talk about Taft-Hartley, agricultural price supports, private versus public power, and the like. All these are extremely important subjects, on which the politicians must be made to take a binding stand. Yet all their promises on domestic issues are highly tentative and conditional since the one issue that overrides all others is the issue of peace. Peace does not depend entirely on us, while everything we have and are depends on peace.

This is why, well into the beginning of fall, there is such a listless quality about the campaign, such lack of excitement at home and abroad. The candidates for the highest office are busy doing what it is part of their job to do: vying for votes in every single constituency, special interest or "minority" group. But as long as they address themselves to special groups and single constituencies, the campaign remains at the Congressional level. Sometimes it seems as if these were just Congressional elections in which a Presidential contest is also run.

THIS CONDITION of things, we hope, will not prevail long. The man who, in a few weeks, will be lucky or hapless enough to win the election must be ready to exert his power on issues concerning not only special groups or Congressional constituencies, but the nation as a whole and the system of alliances centered on it. So far the voters have not been told much about these issues except that they are overriding.

The burden is on a man who has all it takes to carry it—Adlai Stevenson. As the challenger, he has the right to call to the people's minds the blunders and uncandor of the Dullesian diplomacy that have weakened our alliances and set loose the bold new program of B.&K. But Stevenson has also the duty to say how he intends to reverse the trend.

If elected, during his four years in office he will have to deal with the surplus not just of agricultural products but of processed uranium lying wherever there is an atomic reactor, and available to any and every Nasser for the manufacture of atomic bombs. In the four years ahead there can't be any dilly-dallying in settling, together with the other major powers, the problem of reduction of armaments and atomic control.

During the coming four years international checks will have to be put on the hitherto unrestrained nationalism of countries that have reached national sovereignty yet are far removed from the prospect of becoming solvent and of providing their own people with an improved standard of living. To make nationalism both livable and responsible in many new or underdeveloped countries, we shall have to revise—and fast—our ideas about neutrality. Participation in alliances or blocs is a luxury that many hard-pressed peoples cannot afford and that we, in our own interests, should not encourage.

IN THIS CAMPAIGN the nation can become aware of its wholeness, of its responsibilities, and of the dangers ahead only when those problems are faced that we, for all our power and wealth, are not able to solve by ourselves. When we become aware of ourselves, the rest of the world will again become aware of us.

Until now Stevenson has had to unite the various sections of his party. He has done an excellent job at that. The time has come for him to take care of the whole. We are confident he will do it, and soon. In fact, every hour counts.

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The Widening Chinks In the Iron Curtain

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

In a speech to the Twentieth Communist Party Congress in Moscow last February 18, Presidium member Anastas I. Mikoyan conceded that the Soviet Union under Stalin had practiced "isolation" from "the outer world." But, he argued, "That has been liquidated." Now, Mikoyan asserted, it is the United States that has an Iron Curtain. To prove his point he told this anecdote:

"Last year, representatives of American restaurants visited Moscow. They went sightseeing, visiting those enterprises, restaurants and canteens, which interested them. We did not even raise the question of our people visiting the United States on a basis of reciprocity. Satisfied with our hospitality, the American visitors simply invited the Moscow restaurant experts to visit them, to study American mass-catering enterprises. Thus the contact in this matter began to develop. And so recently five Moscow workers in public catering were about to embark on a journey to America when the State Department suddenly declared that the visit to the United States was considered undesirable.

"Evidently even our cooks and gastronomic experts constitute a danger to certain officials of the State Department. Even this small fact shows to one and all who is for contact and who opposes it."

Two months later, Nikita Khrushchev told the same story before some five hundred newsmen in London during his visit to Britain. "Perhaps there was apprehension they might cook up something besides a cutlet," he quipped. There was laughter in the hall.

Some time this fall, if present plans work out, a group of Russians finally will visit the United States to study mass feeding techniques under a government-to-government agreement between Washington and Moscow. The Army's Quartermaster Corps has been enlisted as sponsor for the tour, which will include a number of American factory lunchrooms.

A Policy Decision

At last the United States government is beginning an East-West contacts program with the Soviets that should in time, if all goes well, erase the stigma that the Incident of the Five

Borsch Dispensers and many others have put upon America—however the Russians may have twisted them in the telling. There are deadly serious motivations in both Moscow and Washington behind the propaganda battle over who has an Iron Curtain today.

It is quite clear that part of the new look in Soviet foreign policy is the appearance of a Russia unafraid of contacts with "the outer world" and more than willing to share its knowledge with any and all. As Mikoyan put it in his speech, "We set the task to catch up and surpass the richest capitalist countries" and "let the boastful Americans know it, they who swagger about their riches of today, about their American way of life."

In the months since that epochal Communist Party Congress the Eisenhower Administration has undergone an internal struggle over what to do in the face of the Soviet new look. The paper result was an Eisenhower decision at the National Security Council table on June 29. The actual result is a growing flow of Americans to the U.S.S.R. and of Russians to the United States.

So far this year more than two thousand American tourists—tourists in the traditional sense—have visited the Soviet Union. By the end of the year between two and three hundred other Americans will have visited Russia as part of the new exchange or contacts program—farmers, housing experts, an automation team, church groups, doctors, nuclear scientists, astrophysicists, Red Cross officials, businessmen, movie producers, and musicians.

So far this year at least two hundred Soviet and satellite leaders, mostly in the scientific and industrial fields, have come to the United States. About seventy-five per cent of these men and women have been Russians, the rest coming from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania, and Hungary. They have attended American conferences and congresses on venereal diseases, acoustics, polio, catalysis, anthropology, and clinical chemistry. More will be here this fall for an Information Theory Symposium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the International Congress on Theoretical Physics at Seattle, the Congress of Neurological Surgeons in Chicago, for gatherings to discuss prestressed concrete (Khrushchev's favorite method

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of making Soviet steel go further), physics, ozone, and a host of other scientific topics.

THE RESULTS of all these East-West contacts have been scattered through the daily press in bits and pieces. The Boston Symphony Orchestra won a "tumultuous reception" in Moscow; the American automation team discovered that the Russians had a continuous-moving assembly line turning out semi-automatic lathes, something unmatched in the United States; American venereal-disease experts were shocked to hear visiting Soviet medical authorities urge doctors to give up the penicillin-only treatment for V.D. so successful here; Dr. Paul Dudley White and others with him in Moscow found that brain- and heart-operating techniques there were first-rate; the Soviet farm delegation went home to apply its observations to the Russian switch-to-corn drive; the visiting Soviet scientists presumably have applied what they learned in their own laboratories.

All this, however, represents the easier part of establishing contact. So far the effort has been generally successful. There has been some heckling—the Metropolitan Nikolai, No. 2 man in the Russian Orthodox Church, had to deny here that he had "prayed for Stalin" and to say he preferred "now not to remember" that in 1949 he had called Pope Pius an "agent of American imperialism." There has been some nervousness—the head of the American Red Cross, host to a Soviet Red Cross delegation, cut off reporters who wanted to find out what had happened to the delegation chief in the years he was in Stalin's doghouse. So far, as the exchanges may be judged from the outside, they have balanced pretty well. But this has only been the starter. The really fascinating phase lies ahead.

Caution in Washington

The benchmark in the new post-Stalin phase of Russo-American relations of all sorts is the Summit Conference of July, 1955, in Geneva. With the tacit agreement that war was no longer a possible way to solve East-West differences, the way was opened to exploit the field of what the Russians term peaceful competitive coexistence. The Kremlin had all its directives in order and the results have been obvious enough in many fields.

Moscow set out to do three things, or so Washington believes: to obtain

every possible type of technical information; to lessen hostility to the Soviet Union in the West in general and America in particular by demonstrating that Russians put on their pants one leg at a time like the rest of us; and to gather—where it is possible without being caught—intelligence information that properly falls outside the scope of any justifiable East-West exchange.

If the Kremlin had its directives ready, the Eisenhower Administration did not. Some—a dwindling group with the decline of McCarthyism—opposed any contact; others were wary lest secrets be stolen; some foresaw a breakdown of the strategic-export embargo on the Communist nations; many feared that Congress would not approve exchanges with the Communist bloc; some politicians were alarmed that exchanges with the satellites would enrage Polish-American or other second-generation voters, while others feared an inundation of Communist propaganda to ensnare the unwary; finally there was and still is a law on the books that denies an American visa to any but officials of another government unless they are willing to be fingerprinted.

These factors fostered a climate that produced caution in Washington—while Mikoyan and Khrushchev told their tales about the State Department's fear of Russian cooks.

SLOWLY, over the post-Summit period Mr. Eisenhower has altered that climate. In public speeches, private talks, and press-conference remarks, the President has hammered away at the idea that to prevent war there must be understanding between peoples. His flair for the unchallengeable and ungrammatical cliché is illustrated by these off-the-cuff remarks on September 11:

"In short, what we must do is to widen every possible chink in the Iron Curtain and bring the family of Russia, or of any other country behind that Iron Curtain, that is laboring to better the lot of their children—as humans do the world over—closer into our circle, to show how we do it, and then to sit down between us to say, 'Now, how do we improve the lot of both of us?'"

This type of Eisenhower approach, given the post-Summit diminution of war fears and the "peace" in the G.O.P. "peace-and-prosperity" platform this fall, has provided cover for the timid. It does not guarantee, however, that there will not be a hullabaloo if and when some visiting Communist is caught poking his nose into something that is clearly not his business. But that has not occurred so far.

New Directive, New Agencies

The National Security Council directive that the President approved in June represented a victory for those who wanted to meet the Soviet challenge and switch the United States from a negative attitude to a positive one. The objectives are to open Soviet eyes to the truth about the United States through personal inspection, to bring new influences to bear on Soviet policies through exchanges that show Russians the nature of America, to encourage the evolution of Soviet foreign policy over the long haul toward a conservative nationalism, to demonstrate by contacts within the satellites that the West has not forgotten their peoples in spite of its relations with their Communist governments, and thereby to loosen those countries' ties with the Soviet Union.

The new policy is to encourage exchanges on a reciprocal basis with the aim of a net gain to America. Most important, the NSC directive says that each individual exchange does not, of itself, have to be demonstrably to the net gain of the United States. Further, the burden of proof lies on those who oppose any indi-

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vidual exchange to demonstrate that it would negate the program.

In theory, at least, this last point should prevent a repetition of the oil-drills case of last spring. The Commerce Department, which controls export licenses, blocked a deal worked out by Dresser Industries of Dallas to swap blueprints and production information on American rotary rock-drill bits for Soviet data on a turbine-driven oil drill. Commerce argued that the swap was too one-sided in the Soviet favor technologically speaking, that it would tend to weaken strategic-export controls, and that it would raise a new storm in Congress, where a Senate committee had been sniping at the Administration for earlier trade-control relaxations.

Under the new directive, any intragovernmental dispute on exchanges and contacts is to be resolved by the NSC's Operations Coordinating Board, chaired by Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., who has been among the timid in the past. So far there has been no dispute for the new board to settle.

A new post of Special Assistant to the Secretary of State for East-West Exchanges has been established, with the job going to former Ambassador to Korea William S. B. Lacy, an able Foreign Service officer who has set out to run his shop in the spirit of the President's beliefs and yet within the still confining lines of the law. He has a secretary and a staff of twelve. A good many facets of the exchange program are still under agencies other than Lacy's as of now: Literature swaps are under the U.S. Information Agency; Commerce has a powerful veto through export licensing; the FBI wants to know in writing that Lacy approves each Soviet visit here; and the Post Office sporadically holds up incoming publications to see if they contain "political propaganda," barred by a 1938 law aimed at the Nazis.

Under the fingerprint requirement, only those Russians or satellite visitors who are "officials" can be given a visa without inking their whorls. Lacy is interpreting "official" in a strict sense so that the whole program will not be endangered in its infancy by any indiscretion. The Russians and their satellites have flatly refused to permit fingerprinting with the single curious and unexplained exception of a Soviet woman named Mrs. Eva Tsirul, who turned up in New York with her eight-year-old daughter en route to visit her mother in Texas.

The FINGERPRINT LAW, belabored abroad as much by the British who resent it as a personal affront as by the Russians who claim that fingerprinting is for criminals only, was almost repealed in the final day of the latest session of Congress. Its repeal was in an omnibus immigration bill that passed the Senate but died in the House because Representative Francis Walter (D., Pennsylvania) would not agree to the immigration-quota changes. Walter agreed about killing the fingerprint requirement, however, and if the present climate on exchanges continues it should be repealed next year.

Under the present legal situation, there is little problem about exchanges in the scientific-industrial category. The security angle is present but has not proved hampering chiefly because last year's Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy made it clear that the number of American "secrets" in

nuclear development was far less than many here used to think.

The fingerprint requirement is a bar to cultural exchanges. There is no problem about the Boston Symphony's getting into Russia or Czechoslovakia. But as of now the Bolshoi Ballet (for which Londoners recently waited in line for days to obtain tickets) cannot enter the United States. Lacy simply can't interpret "officials" to cover a hundred ballerinas and their entourage even though they are in fact subsidized by the Soviet government.

Political Exchanges

In the third category of exchanges, the political, all the contacts so far have consisted of Members of Congress and Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan F. Twining and his party on visits to Russia. Nobody can stop a Member of Congress. Senator George W. Malone (R., Nevada), an isolationist, ignored the State Department's ban on travel to nations with which we do not have diplomatic relations and toured Communist Bulgaria as well as Russia. The Twining trip was, of course, personally approved on an *ad hoc* basis by President Eisenhower with the full expectation that a reciprocal visit by Soviet air chiefs would have to be agreed to later on—after the November election, it now appears.

Some of those who have fought within the Administration for the new program have been so encouraged by the NSC directive that they have hopes of importing here some of the secondary Soviet leaders. Approval of a Bulganin-Khrushchev or Marshal Zhukov visit would be a political decision of the highest importance and rightly is the prerogative of the President himself. But why not bring over some junior ministry officials and party functionaries? These are the men who in a decade will be reaching the upper rungs of the Soviet power ladder, if they should live so long. And some of those now at or near the top in the Kremlin—Mikoyan and Kuznetsov, for example—frame their decisions affecting the United States not only on Marxist doctrine and Soviet intelligence but also, unconsciously at least, on the image of the America they saw during visits in the 1930's.

So this line of reasoning goes. Thus far, however, political invitations of this category have yet to be issued, and the problem of political invitations to the satellites is complicated by the hostility of second-generation Americans with ties to eastern Europe. True, the wife of the Romanian Premier, Chivu Stoica, did come here a few weeks ago—not, however, as the wife of a political figure but in her own right as a

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physician to attend a Boston conference on hematology.

At the Big Four Foreign Ministers' Conference a year ago the Russians refused to accede to a seventeen-point American program for East-West contacts. Then and since they gave a flat "No" to halting radio jamming, opening information offices in Washington and Moscow, lifting all press curbs, and so on. Instead, Moscow went ahead on its own plan to break the "American Iron Curtain" where and when it would be to Soviet advantage. Now at long last the United States has adopted a similarly pragmatic plan. It is in this context that U.S.-Russian contacts will continue and almost certainly grow. As time goes on, the same sort of thing can be expected to increase between the United States and Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Romania. The Romanians, alone of the satellites thus far, have been talking big about contacts with the United States. Poles, Czechs, Romanians, and an occasional Hungarian have been coming here to scientific meetings. Even one east Berliner somehow made it to the June International Congress on Acoustics at Cambridge, Massachusetts, though East Germany

is in the same category as Bulgaria, Albania, and Communist China, the diplomatically unrecognized.

THE RECENT refusal of the Administration to sanction the visit to Red China of a group of highly reputable American newspapermen has not ended the question. But no change in Administration policy is expected until the last American who wants to leave China is actually freed. Since that day may not be far off, the issue is certain to be raised again soon.

Buying, Selling, Swapping

Mention should be made of some of the American business approaches to Moscow, undertaken with the approval of our government. One was the Pan American World Airways mission, which brought a U.S.-Soviet interchange agreement viewed here as an interim arrangement until the Soviets have big passenger planes able to fly into New York, part of an eventual full swap for air rights into Moscow.

Another that lies ahead is Eric Johnston's movie mission. The Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians appear ready to pay dollars for American films. The Russians have put out feelers but want to sell one Soviet movie here (thirty-seven actually were imported into the United States last year) for every five or ten they buy. No new American films have been sold on the other side of the Iron Curtain since the Korean War ended a deal with the Czechs. That war also killed an agreement which Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America as well as of the Motion Picture Export Association, had made with Molotov in 1949 to sell some sixty films for $50,000 each.

This sort of transaction points up one of the big difficulties on the American side: Motion-picture firms are strictly private business here, yet it is perfectly clear that a lot of Hollywood products shown in Russia would be injurious to America as a whole. So Johnston, as a go-between for industry and government, has to give the Russians a list to choose from, a list nobody will concede has been looked over by the government. Johnston expects to fly to Russia early in October.

Dr. Miterev's Surprise

All these moves, past, present, and future, amount to a major alteration in U.S.-Soviet relations. When the Russian farm delegation came here a year ago, so many reporters and curious citizens followed them around they could hardly see the corn. By contrast, a couple of hundred citizens from Communist Europe have lately been getting a look at some parts of the United States without much more than local press notices. Washington is even arguing whether to spend government dollars to take part in Moscow's Gorki Park Fair next spring.

Not long ago Dr. G. A. Miterev, the chairman of the executive committee of the Alliance of Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies of the Soviet Union, sat in an American Red Cross office in Washington and talked with reporters. The welcome in America for his party, he said, "was even more friendly than we expected." The exchange of Red Cross visits was important because both "have as their main objective the preservation of peace and the cultivation of humanitarianism."

That is the kind of soothing remark Americans are hearing from the visitors from Communist lands. In the main, it is also the kind of thing Americans tend to say when in Russia. But Dr. Miterev had a couple of other things to say that may give a clue to the real potential of these contacts.

New York, he discovered, is a city where "life is very intense." But, to his surprise, "it is not a city that would dwarf the individual." And our Red Cross, he found, conducts "an excellent communications system" between servicemen and their families, something his organization does not do. "Perhaps," he said, "you noticed the unusual enthusiasm with which I mentioned that."

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Behind the Scenes In Poland's Model City

S. L. SHNEIDERMAN

NOWA HUTA, meaning "New Mill," is Poland's major showpiece of Communist enterprise. The new community, which I visited a few months ago, is situated on the fertile black earth surrounding the ancient village of Mogila, near Cracow. Where only seven years ago was a wheat-covered plain, there now tower the giant smokestacks of Poland's greatest steel plant. Beneath them has mushroomed a brand-new city of about a hundred thousand people.

They have come from all over Poland. Young men and women were brought in by train, in freight cars, in trucks, even in carts. They were the sons and daughters of peasants as well as of factory workers, and among them were also many of the former bourgeoisie, the declassed element of the Polish revolution. Intoxicated with slogans about the "ideal classless city," to be born without the inherent injustice and error of "decaying capitalism," they could hardly wait to start living in utopia.

From June 13, 1949, when the first workmen began digging to lay the foundations, Poland's manpower and the Soviet Union's industrial capacity were placed at the disposal of the giant enterprise. The planning experts turned out to be way off in their calculations and unexpected difficulties arose, but the project was pushed through. While those who manned the distant plants that produced the necessary materials lived on starvation wages and stood drearily in line for rations of bread and potatoes, the builders of Nowa Huta got the best food and finest theatrical entertainment available.

Built without resort to any private enterprise, Nowa Huta contains hundreds of prefabricated barracks and rooming houses, 314 stores, and 112 workers' co-operative enterprises—shops for tailoring, shoemaking, watch repairing, carpentry, lockmaking, and barbering. There are fourteen nurseries and twenty schools, in addition to hospitals, clinics, drugstores, restaurants, cafés, and bars. There are no churches.

THE STEEL PLANT itself is named after Lenin. It was designed by the Soviet State Institution for Metallurgical Projects, and all equipment was modeled on that of the Soviet Union's giant steel mills at Magnitogorsk and Zaporozhe, with up-to-date improvements.

The steelmaking equipment is the very model of automation. Here and there the visitor may encounter technicians of various kinds—engineers, mechanics, and electricians who press buttons and pull levers—but I saw very few men performing loading or unloading operations. Trains of freight cars move through the plant over a seventy-mile rail network to large automatic loading cranes. The management claims that the rolling mill is the largest of its kind in the world.

New Man and Old Adam

But just beyond this façade of modern Poland lies a Poland that is ancient and unchanged. The road from Cracow winds through the ancient village of Czyzyny between straw-covered huts that have looked the same for centuries. From there the nine towering stacks of the steel plant, and beneath them rows of smaller stacks, fall into the perspective and symmetry of a giant cathedral organ. Against the harshness of this urban industrial landscape there stands on a man-made hill a huge old stone eagle carrying a two-edged sword in its right claws. This is a memorial to the legendary Queen Wanda, who preferred to drown herself rather than marry the German Prince Retiger, who was besieging Cracow. The site of Nowa Huta, certainly not the ideal one, was chosen deliberately—to create a political counterbalance to Cracow, the capital of the old Polish kingdom, which the Communists have branded a "center of reaction." The idea was to create a vibrant capital of industry and production to symbolize the new Poland under Communism.

In the wide streets of Nowa Huta there are few idle strollers. I saw large groups of workers paving and laying trolley tracks, and mixed squads of men and women doing other construction work. On a large wooden billboard in the central square are giant framed portraits of Lenin, Khrushchev, and the leaders of the Polish party. On a smaller board are portraits of inventors, engineers, and Stakhanovites.

Though Polish is my native tongue, on my first visit to this strange new city I engaged the services of an official guide. The son of a former bourgeois family in Cracow, he was quite willing to tell me all he knew about the city.

He explained that the Communist Party's theory in creating Nowa Huta was to construct a model laboratory out of which would come the New Man of Poland, who was to be the product of all classes, parties, national minorities, and areas of the country. Accordingly Nowa Huta even contains a group of gypsies, who for the first time in their lives are living in a permanent dwelling place. There are only about thirty families of Jews, say a hundred persons.

Nowa Huta's rate of population increase is greater than that of any other Polish city. The young marry early and eagerly, and get divorced even more quickly—but not before they have produced many children. The mothers don't worry too much about their children, since they are raised in state institutions. Many women are attracted to Nowa Huta, not only to find work but to find husbands.

At first the régime encouraged the raising of large families and paid out subsidies for each new-born infant. Now, however, a press campaign is being waged against the chaos of family life in the new Poland.

For all their success at producing steel, the Communists have not succeeded at revising human nature in Nowa Huta. The people work hard in the mills and are fascinated by the electric lights that many are see-

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ing for the first time. They listen to lectures about the disciplined New Man of Poland, but when they get home from work, the grim atmosphere of the mills vanishes and the vodka bottle makes its appearance.

Read All About It!

The problems of the model socialist city are discussed with astonishing frankness in the local newspaper, a daily called *We Build Socialism*. Since the decanonization of Stalin began in the Soviet Union, the criticism has become increasingly sharp in Polish papers.

The food shortage was featured prominently in a daily serialization of the novel *Hard Roads*, by Ryszard Klyss, which was running in *We Build Socialism* when I was in Nowa Huta. Here is a sample of the narrative:

A worker is discussing with a director a wildcat stoppage that has hit the mill because of an accident.

" 'What's the use?' Boguszewicz said angrily. 'This morning the workers threw away their shovels and said they wouldn't work any more.'

"Director Korta became excited. 'Why?' he asked.

" 'How can I explain it to you? Just because there's nothing to eat! You understand, Comrade Director, we have no sugar, no meats, no fats, not even bread.'

" 'That's a pretty story.'

" 'Luckily, the foreman felt he could handle these people. Today he quieted them, but the situation continues serious. If all of the food should give out—and that could be tomorrow, throughout this whole area—what would happen then? In such an event there might even be a demonstration.' "

This novel appeared only a few months before the Poznan uprising. Notice that the reason given for possible trouble is not the provocation of the paid agents of imperialism but simply a shortage of food.

It was quite clear to me that the shortage was real, not fictional. For example, beneath the heading "An Empty Canteen" the following report appeared:

"The distribution of food in our city is lagging. The shelves of Canteen No. 16 hold only soap, toothpaste, shoe polish, and large cartons of hardtack you can hardly put in your mouth. The workers who are building the hospital in our neighborhood are unable to obtain anything to eat, except from time to time a bit of sausage that makes their stomachs turn."

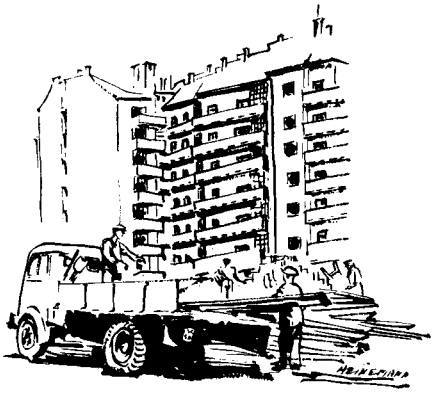
All types of shortages are continually being discussed at City Council sessions. This is from one of its reports:

"In Nowa Huta, even at this date, we cannot obtain any underwear, clothing, or children's shoes. There is a grave shortage of workshirts, women's underwear, and socks. There are no electrical appliances and no pharmaceuticals. There is a heavy shortage of furniture. Particularly critical is the food shortage, notably the lack of meat, vegetables, fruit, and canned fish."

There were other complaints. One item—captioned sarcastically "A Merry Block"—went as follows: "The inhabitants of Block 8 in Quarter 31-B lead a merry life. Every day they have special attractions in the forms of thieves and drunkards. This is made possible because the corridors are always so dark and because the tenants have no keys to their doors. It must be added that the bells at the entrance doors do not work—they are merely decorative."

In another item, headed simply "B-r-r-r-r!," the readers of *We Build Socialism* were informed that their fellow workers in Block 3, Quarter 25-A, were shivering with cold. "If the administration demands rent why do they not provide us with heat, so that we won't be forced to go to the homes of friends on cold winter nights in order to get warm and get a little sleep?"

I LEARNED at first hand about food in the model city of socialism, or at least about that in the Warsaw Restaurant, where the heads of the Communist hierarchy eat regularly. Inside there were two rows of massive columns, from which the paint was already flaking though the building was barely a year old. The tablecloths were filthy.



My party all ordered the regular and only dinner, which consisted of tripe soup, lamb, potatoes, and rice. I started hungrily on the soup, but the chauffeur who had brought me from Cracow suddenly spat out a mouthful, exclaiming, "Flies, damn it!"

At first I thought he was joking. But he yelled for the waiter and displayed two flies he had fished from the soup on the tip of his spoon. My appetite vanished. Meanwhile the waiter removed the chauffeur's soup, returning in a little while with a fresh serving. Once again the chauffeur pounded the table, shouting, "The stuff is crawling with flies!"

At this point my guide took over and called for the manager. The manager groveled. "The presence of flies on a winter day is something I cannot explain," he told me. "It must be sabotage."

As we left the place my guide winked broadly at me: "The principal object in Nowa Huta is to build socialism," he said. "This means to produce steel, not so much for ourselves as for the Soviet Union. Flies in the soup are unimportant."

'Lost Stakhanovites'

I waded through the mud puddles that fill Nowa Huta's streets one afternoon trying to find the repertory theater, which the map shows in the center of the city. It was explained to me that changes have had to be made in the city plan, so that the theater is out in the open spaces. Its director, a young woman named Krystyna Skuzenka, showed me its modern facilities and invited me to a rehearsal of the first American play to be included in its repertory—Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*. The repertory also included, I was told, Shakesperean dramas and various Polish classics.

I asked Miss Skuzenka whether she presented Soviet dramas or other works with social content. She smiled but did not reply. One of her assistants volunteered: "The inhabitants of Nowa Huta have enough social-

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ism every day of the week. When they come to the theater they want to relax."

Not only are the people tired of propaganda, but the propagandists themselves seem to have grown weary. *We Build Socialism* often contains ironic comments regarding Nowa Huta's propaganda apparatus and Stakhanovites. For example, beneath the heading "Lost Stakhanovites" appears the following:

"In Nowa Huta we encounter at every step and in every corner shadow boxes containing the portraits of Stakhanovites. In most of these the glass has been shattered and the portraits are collecting dust. Near the steel plant the portraits have not been changed for the last two years. They hang there peacefully even though the Stakhanovites themselves have long ago fled from the mills. It is high time the steel commission found some new Stakhanovites to replace them."

The Living Church

One Friday morning when I arrived in Nowa Huta to have a look around on my own after the guided tour, I was surprised to find that the city seemed to be deserted. All the shops and stores were closed, including the Warsaw Restaurant.

I went from house to house and knocked at a number of doors, but no one answered. Finally one door opened and a woman with unkempt black hair wearing a flowery dress stuck her head out. She was a member of one of the dozen or so gypsy families. "Today is the Feast of Epiphany," she explained. "They've all gone to church in Mogila." (New-built Nowa Huta is the only churchless city in Poland.)

Sure enough, I found the narrow road to Mogila crowded with men, women, and children in two rows, one going toward the church, the other leaving it. In the crowd were hundreds of young couples pushing baby carriages or leading small children by the hand. They were all dressed up for the holiday. It struck me that there were very few older people in the crowd. At any rate, if there is a continuing feeling that the church is a fortress in Poland, it certainly doesn't seem to be restricted only to those who remember the old order.

I fell into conversation with one of the young couples, and they answered my questions freely and frankly. They said that when the city was under construction several years before, they had worked on holidays and seldom had dared go to church. This year, however, no one was working on the holiday except the maintenance crew. They informed me, too, that the church in Mogila conducts hourly services from six in the morning all through the day every Sunday and holiday. Asked if they belonged to the party, my informants looked astonished. "Why not?" they replied. For them the conflict between Marxism and religion was easily resolved in the routine of everyday life.

In the huge courtyard of the church, which is surrounded by a high blue wall, several hundred people were waiting their turn to enter and attend Mass. In the meanwhile they were busily buying packets of incense, holy pictures, crucifixes, and rosaries, all of them carrying the stamp of Czestochowa, which is the great mass-production center for religious articles in Poland; this specialized industry is the only sector of the economy that is still operating—and thriving—under private enterprise.

I was not allowed to take any photographs in the church. This and the steel plant at Nowa Huta were the only things I was not allowed to photograph during my stay in Poland. Curiously enough, they were two institutions that seemed to be going full blast.

Anguish of a Poet

It was only after I had seen how people actually lived in Nowa Huta that I could fully appreciate Adam Wazyk's surrealistic "Poem for Adults," which appeared in the literary journal *Nowa Kultura* for August 21, 1955, months before the beginning of the assault on Stalin's reputation.

Wazyk's verses created a stir in Polish intellectual circles. Even orthodox Communists tolerated the poem's implied criticism of the police as an instrument of Moscow's domination, although they resented bitterly the realistic picture it gave of how far Poland remains from the ideal classless society. Here is how Wazyk depicts Nowa Huta:

From villages, from cities, in trains, on wagons,
They come to build a foundry, to build a City . . .
Suddenly awakened from medieval darkness,
A wandering mass, inhuman Poland
Screams with boredom through the December nights. . . .
Here the Vistula flows.
The mob builds industry,
Unknown in Poland, but known to history.
And they are fed on the great empty words
In slow pain, reeling from noxious coal fumes,
Live wildly from day to day despite the preaching,
Being forged into a proletariat.
Meanwhile, a mountain of dross, a porridge.

BUILDING a modern steel plant and a new city has been a tremendous job; with Russian assistance and know-how the Communists have done it at Nowa Huta. But creating the New Man of Poland is proving to be an infinitely more difficult undertaking.

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Hungary: Guilty Consciences And Rehabilitated Corpses

LESLIE B. BAIN

BUDAPEST

THE POLICEMAN in the lobby of the well-guarded Army Club looked at the blue card and waved me on. The building was the former super-elegant Officers' Club, and much of its former splendor was still intact. Heavy red carpets and crystal chandeliers bespoke the old days. The glittering red stars superimposed on them had been added by the new régime.

The auditorium on the second floor was packed to the doors. It was July, 1956, and two thousand high-echelon Communists had assembled to discuss their problems and debate remedial measures. The blue card, my pass to the meeting, had been given to me by a Communist official with the remark that I ought to see Communist "democracy" in action. On the rostrum were seated nine Communist leaders, two of whom, Major General Szabo and Károly Kiss, were members of the Presidium, the highest party organ. As the evening wore on both gave unmistakable signs of wishing to be somewhere else.

It began tamely enough. Comrade Kiss made a dull speech about the lessons of the Twentieth Congress in Moscow and the steps the Hungarian party ought to take to correct its errors. He spouted dull dialectics for a while, repeating one of the many editorials on the subject appearing in the party's newspaper, then sat down.

The next speaker started off by saying that when he joined the party in 1940 it was all friendly, comradely, and democratic. Now it was all rigid, impersonal, inhuman. The party had lost contact with the workers and the people. As he warmed up he began to speak about his own dilemma. He said he once worked under an important party official named András Szalai, who disappeared one day. Five years later he found out that Szalai had been hanged, but to this hour no one knew why. Now what was he to think? Was he working for the good of the socialist fatherland when he carried out Szalai's orders or was he working for foreign imperialists? Would someone please enlighten him and ease his conscience? He got a big hand from the audience, and several voices shouted, "Ask them!"

Next came a bald university professor, Dr. Gyula Hajdu, a veteran

of fifty years' Marxist activity. Citing the crimes committed by the current leadership, he demanded that they take the consequences of their misrule and resign. For good measure he added that nothing they would promise would be believed anyhow: The time for excuses and promises was over and only one way was left for them—out. Again and again he was interrupted by frantic applause and encouraging shouts. He left the speaker's stand with a row of white-faced officials looking after him grimly.

Rajk's Widow Speaks Up

Then a tall, gaunt woman, her face deeply lined, strode to the speaker's stand. She was Mrs. László Rajk, wife of the former Foreign Minister of Hungary who had been executed in 1949. Rajk had "confessed" under torture of being a Titoist, but as he was led to the gallows he had cried: "Long live the People's Democracy of Hungary!" Rajk and his wife, who was jailed at the same time, were both "rehabilitated" recently.

"Comrades," she began, "there are no words with which to tell you what I feel facing you after cruel years in jail, without a word, a crumb of food, a letter, or a sign of life reaching me from the outside, living in despair and hopelessness. When they took me away I was nursing my five-month-old infant. For five years I had no word of my baby."

Turning directly toward the white-faced functionaries on the rostrum, she said:

"You not only killed my husband but you killed all decency in our country. You destroyed Hungary's political, economic, and moral life. Murderers cannot be rehabilitated; they must be punished!

"Where," she asked the audience, "were the members of the party while these things were happening? How could they allow such degeneration to take place without rising in wrath against the guilty?"

Choking with emotion, she said that the nadir of the party's immorality had been reached when Rajk was executed, and she demanded a party housecleaning. "Comrades," she cried, "stand by me in this fight!"

Then the unbelievable happened. Along with the audience, the Communist officials on the rostrum stood and gave the widow Rajk a standing ovation.

MRS. RAJK'S encounter with her husband's murderers was but one link in the endless chain of contradictions one finds here. How can it be explained that on every street corner the government and the degeneration of the Communist Party are denounced in the very presence of those being reviled? How can the newspapers print stories of atrocities while many of those who perpetrated them, or at least raised no objections, continue to walk in safety and enjoy good incomes from the government? Judges and prosecuting attorneys are passing resolutions against themselves and go on being judges and prosecutors. The intellectuals, the scientists, the workers, the peasants are in a state of ferment. The Communist leadership walks with unbelievable calm over the vol-

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cano, pretending to enjoy the whole thing.

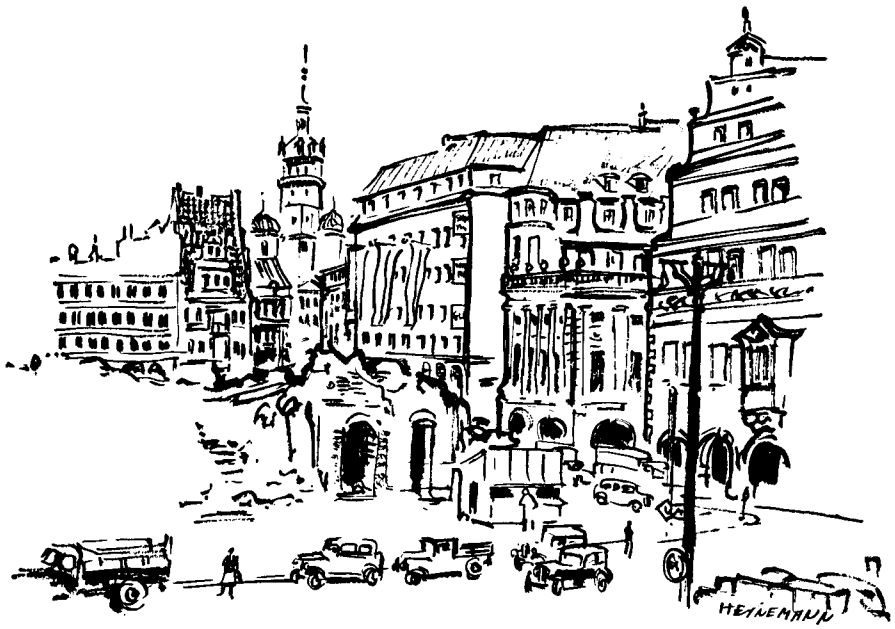
When I challenged one of them to explain it, he said blandly, "Is it not wonderful that all these things can now be brought out into the open?"

The Insulated Leaders

Khrushchev's revelations about what kind of monster Stalin was released all the accumulated bitterness and venom of Hungary's years under Communism. Matyás Rákosi, the Stalin of Hungary, was forced to resign. Ernö Gerö, his successor, is still gasping at the indignant uproar that greeted his appointment. Nobody knows for sure what is happening, least of all the Communist hierarchy, which was carefully shielded from the truth by battalions of bootlickers. Now, however, the roof is shaking. Some leaders fall back on the easy explanation that western newspapermen are exaggerating their difficulties. The spokesman of the Foreign Office was one. I tried to assure him that I would gladly write about "good" things, too, if he would show them to me. Would he care to say how many judges and prosecutors were already jailed or tried, or even arrested pending investigation, for the thousands of frame-ups they had perpetrated and which were officially admitted? The man hedged and said that the other day he had spoken to a judge and the judge had told him that they were doing something about the matter. Names? No, he didn't have any names.

However, the young Foreign Office attaché who had arranged part of my schedule and accompanied me was more helpful. He said the trial of Gábor Péter and his gang had not been properly exploited. Péter was the Hungarian equivalent of Beria. The onetime head of the AVO, or political police, Péter and his aides were tried for various crimes against innocent victims. Péter was sentenced to twenty-five years' hard labor. Since his fall, police methods have changed radically. Jails have been scrubbed and nearly twelve thousand persons released. I had opportunities later to check the attaché's statements and found them to be true.

Led by the attaché, I did begin to see and understand what was really happening. He showed me real evidence of improvements, enough to convince me that many abuses of the past were being remedied. What he was not able to explain were the difficulties arising from two not unrelated facts: that there were far more troubles than the leadership was able to remedy, and that the leadership was deeply mistrusted. Stopgap methods were resorted to in an effort to stem the tide: for instance the replacement of Rákosi by Gerö, a dour, thoroughly disliked man, and quiet threats against critics who got too noisy.



An Educator

Mrs. Ferencz Vadász, Deputy Minister of Education, agreed to discuss how the educators of Hungary had met the change in the party line that had made textbooks obsolete overnight. I found her candid and intelligent, obviously devoted to her calling. She readily acknowledged that the printing presses of the country were not able to replace all the textbooks that had to be thrown out. It would take three years, she thought, to bring the textbooks into harmony with the party line.

"In the meanwhile?"

"In the meanwhile we have sent out detailed instruction sheets to the teachers."

Mrs. Vadász did not attempt to minimize the troubles educators were encountering in trying to make students unlearn what they were taught before. She said that the most frequent complaint was that the students objected to being asked examination questions calling for new answers.

A Musician

Zoltán Kodály, the dean of Hungarian music, is still being addressed by Communist and non-Communist alike as "Excellency," and he is the only artist who came through the years of terror unscathed. He laughed at my suggestion that his world-wide popularity protected him from the serious consequences of his many sharp exchanges with the régime.

"No, I just ignored them," he said. "When Zhdanov issued his famous manifesto on how to write music, we decided to let *him* do it, since he seemed to know so much about it. We went on our way."

Led by Kodály, Hungarian musicians sent a memorandum to the government not long ago demanding long overdue reforms, including the end of their isolation, the removal of governmental controls, freedom to establish relations with western artists, and the end of government meddling with artistic endeavors. "Something had to be done," he said. "They were getting in our hair all the time.

"We really are not hankering for the cacophony that passes for music in the West," he said. "We tried and rejected Schönberg thirty years ago, while in Paris the young are still wrestling with him. To us music has

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always been a direct emotional language, the more direct the better. But what we object to is the stultification of artists."

Kodály devotes most of his time nowadays to advancing musical education for the young. He already has organized ten elementary schools that devote six hours a week to music. "When the dust settles and the excitement is over, I will demand thirty schools for my experiment. The thing is to go ahead, regardless of who is in the seat of the mighty."

Writers and Philosophers

Tamás Aczél, Stalin and Kossuth Prize-winning novelist, is another of the leading intellectuals much concerned in the present unheaval. His story in the *Literary Journal* about life in a village caused a sensation in and out of Hungary for its outspoken, devastating description of a fear-ridden community.

He is still young, ardent, and keenly aware of the issues. "We are Communists," he said, "and we will remain Communists. What is happening to us is not a rebellion against our ideals but against the misuse of those ideals. We can't stand by and watch the further perversion of socialism, and we won't lend ourselves any longer to immoral practices."

This seems to be the mood of most intellectuals here. They seem bitten by guilty consciences, and it makes them pretty restless. All I talked to said that they had been taken in and were horrified at discovering the true extent of their degradation and dishonor. They still insisted that Socialism had a moral excellence in which they believed.

There is little doubt, however, that the serious theoreticians of Marxist ideology are deeply disturbed by the disintegration of the Stalin régime. Dr. George Lukács, an eminent professor of Marxist philosophy who was only recently rehabilitated, carries his criticism even beyond a simple attack on Stalin.

"Marxism has never been in such disrepute in our country as it is today," he told me. "The reason for it is that during the Stalin period the so-called Marxists exhausted the whole field by finding two or three quotations, mostly taken out of context, with which to justify what they were doing." He went on to say that the same fate was accorded Lenin's teaching.

"Let us be clear about this: There is no such a thing as Marxist logic, ethics, ideology, pedagogy, etc. What we have is a collection of Marx's teaching, out of which—rather, with whose help—we of this generation should evolve our disciplines. The same thing applies to the teaching of Lenin. By collecting together what Marx said on ethics, as an example, we do not have Marxian ethics. What we have is merely a method of approach to guide us."

The Case of Soltesz

The present economic practices of the Communists show that with force miracles can be wrought. But what they are doing cannot be maintained beyond a point of human endurance. The economy is wasteful, unjust, and often cruel simply because the system is utterly inflexible. A case history will illustrate the point.

A man named Soltesz, a good worker and a faithful Communist, went to Tiszapalkonya, a settlement on the River Tisza where the Hungarians are building a large power plant. Soltesz went there because he

had heard that good workers were wanted and also to help in building this great installation, a showpiece of Communist planning.

Soltesz received for his first twenty-five days a base pay of 132 forints, (a little less than $12, making his hourly wage about seven cents). The management admitted that this was below the standard base pay, but explained to Soltesz that inasmuch as he was a member of a ten-man team, the value of the production of the team was the factor determining the rate of pay. The management told him that a number of men on the team were loafers and that their laziness had necessarily brought his pay down.

A few days later at a meeting where Deputy Minister for Industry Kilian was present, Soltesz spoke up and told his story. The foreman had tried to silence him by accusing him of being a loafer himself, but subsequent investigation showed that neither Soltesz nor the rest of his team were lazy but that their assigned work, preparing cement, could not be completely done because of a shortage of materials. One day sand was missing, the next day cement, and then the trucks bringing gravel failed to arrive. When all the ingredients were there, work had to be stopped altogether because the structural steel gave out.

Director Jenei explained: "Sure, I know what is wrong but how can I help it? I ask for 1,200,000 bricks and I get a certificate for 80,000. Finally, after urgent complaints, a certificate for another 500,000. I get a certificate for less than half of what I need, and I still haven't got bricks! I have to beg and bribe to get any. It's the same with steel. I sent my requisition to the Electrical Construction Trust. They sent it to the Ministry. The Ministry sent it to the Director of the Planning Division. From Planning it went to the Metal Trust, and from there to the production plant. When all that happens I still have to go through the same rigmarole to get certification for transport. After that I have to wait until cars or trucks are allocated to me. Right now I am short a hundred tons of structural steel, and how can I keep my men working? We have a fifty per cent turnover here."

Mr. Pikler, the chief engineer in power development, said: "The trouble is that the whole planning is off balance. We suffer from chronic material deficiencies. That is the cause of the suffering among workers, the high rate of turnover, the

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inability of a worker to keep his family. We of management knew all this when the plan was debated in the Presidium, but the plan looked good and the comrades voted for it. Our aims are not in harmony with our capacity, and we have no margin of safety in materials to fall back on. If one item is affected either by rigorous cold or rain, or if any one item does not arrive in time from abroad, the whole thing bogs down."

And that is the story of Soltesz. The remarkable thing is that Tiszapalkonya will be built. Force, propaganda, and more force—and the thing will be done. Why the workers are penalized for the mistakes of the planners, managers, and political bosses—the whole superstructure of bureaucracy—remains a matter of indifference except to the workers.

How Far 'Liberalization'?

The reshaping of the dictatorship in Hungary would have caused less commotion and far more rejoicing if a new set of rulers had been entrusted with the job. As it is, even without the deposed Rákosi, it will take a long time and a lot of tangible proofs to convince Hungarians that the new era is here to stay. The complete rehabilitation of Imre Nagy, the enemy of orthodox Communists, would be accepted as a guarantee for better days by an overwhelming majority of the people. And it may have to come to Nagy, although Moscow forbade his rehabilitation and the Hungarian Communist officials themselves are afraid of him.

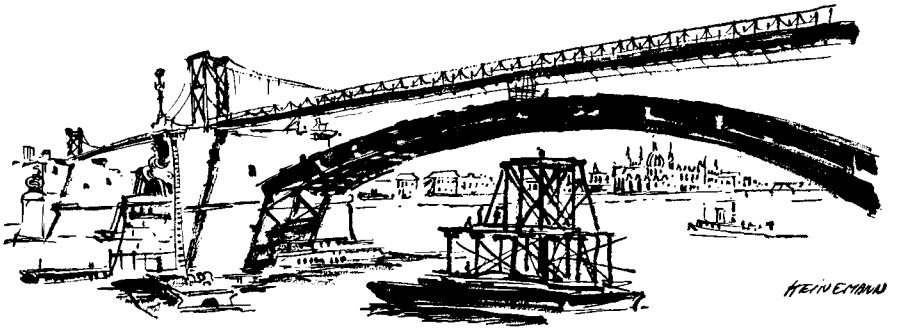
Nagy became Prime Minister as Malenkov took over in Moscow. Their respective programs paralleled in that both decreed more consumer goods and greater freedom. But Nagy went much further. He not only stopped forced collectivization but even permitted peasants to withdraw from collectives. He began a housecleaning that led ultimately to the fall and conviction of Gábor Péter. He was on the trail of the terrorists and their political backers when he was forced to resign and expelled from the party.

In July the Kremlin sent Mikhail A. Suslov of the Soviet Presidium to persuade Rákosi to resign, but at the same time he forbade the reappointment of Nagy as Prime Minister. The Russians say that Nagy is a super-Tito, much too independent to be trusted, and they believe that Nagy secretly wants to break away from Moscow. The Hungarian party is afraid of him because Nagy threatened several times to punish all those who had any part in turning the country into a concentration camp. Typical of the official attitude toward Nagy was the nervousness of a Foreign Office spokesman to whom I mentioned in passing that wherever I went in Hungary I heard people asking for the return of Nagy. He was visibly shaken and curtly told me that Nagy "damaged the country grievously and for that there is no forgiveness."

Nevertheless Nagy was readmitted to the party as an ordinary member on the condition of his acceptance of the new party line. In time, despite Moscow, he may be returned to his former position with the Presidium and may re-enter the government.

The pressure created by the events of July also brought about significant Cabinet changes. There has always been a latent antagonism between the younger elements of the party and the older "elite." The government reorganization of recent weeks clearly indicates a victory for the younger men, a group of flexible Communists who are less apt to fall into a trap of blind veneration and dogmatism. Of the five key portfolios, three went to men in their early thirties, and only Imre Horvath, the new Foreign Minister, is past fifty. Other Cabinet shifts also favor the younger group of Communist officials who have had some part in the recent upheavals.

The trend is toward "liberalization." One of the most important events in Hungary, which affected the lives of nearly two-thirds of the inhabitants, was the cancellation of the law requiring special permits for residence. This relieved former



deportees from enforced residence in remote villages and made possible changes of jobs and residence to hundreds of thousands of workers.

The New Building

"Communism, as practiced by us and the Russians, led to an economic and moral vacuum," a prominent Marxist philosopher told me. "There was was no way out. We came up against a dead end. The forced industrialization cut down the living standard of our people below the endurable. Only terror kept the workers at their jobs and kept them from revolting. But terror was immoral as well as anti-Marxian. So a choice had to be made between continuing in one form or another the statism of the past or stopping and returning to Marxism. So we made the choice. But it is running away with us. It is carrying us toward reexamination of the whole theory of 'salvation from above,' a handful of Communists telling the people what ought to be good for them. This, too, is anti-Marxian because it is anti-democratic and there can be no genuine socialism without democracy. Now we have to evolve—slowly, so that we won't bring down the whole edifice. Nevertheless, by the time we get through it will be substantially a new building."

"What kind of building?"

"I don't know. I know that it started with Marx, was continued by Lenin, and now we will reshape it to suit ourselves and the requirements of the second half of the twentieth century."

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New Trainer for the Donkey—Philadelphia's Finnegan

ROBERT BENDINER

IT IS PROBABLY inevitable that a man named James Aloysius Finnegan, managing a Democratic Presidential campaign, should be compared with a James Aloysius of another day who served in that same capacity. The parallel-minded naturally see history repeating itself, with Stevenson in Roosevelt's role and Finnegan in Farley's. And remembering the divergence and ultimate breakup of that earlier pair, they may wonder about the nature and durability of the present tandem.

Like most studies, the comparison is more useful for what it reveals about people here and now than for any light it may supposedly throw on the future by forced analogy. For, let it be said at once, the similarities in this instance are more superficial than real, the differences more important than the resemblances.

JIM FINNEGAN is one—perhaps the outstanding one—of those new political managers who have taken the next long step beyond *The Last Hurrah*. Not crusaders but cool analysts, not reformers but realistic manipulators of party machinery, these men nevertheless understand, in Finnegan's hard-worked phrase, that "Good government is good politics." Another Finnegan aphorism is that it takes three ingredients to make a successful campaign: good issues, a good candidate, and good organization.

Naturally you have to be on the right side of those issues, and to Finnegan the right side, generally speaking, is the side chosen by the party's liberal theoreticians—call them New Dealers, Fair Dealers, or what you will. Farley, on the other hand, was never more than a captive and grudging New Dealer at best. As Robert Sherwood noted, he "eventually gained the same degree of respectability as Al Smith in conservative circles." To Farley the astute technician and organizer, Finnegan pays the tribute of "great admiration and respect," not to say imitation. But sorry as he was to see Farley give up the party chairmanship, Finnegan, then a lowly toiler in the party vineyard, thought it right for him to go. "As a strong Roosevelt follower," he says, "I felt that the Roosevelt policies had to be carried on."

To students of politics, issues may be approached on two levels—the moral and the manipulative. To campaign managers of the classic mold, only the second of these, the simple exploitation of issues for votes, has ever weighed very heavily. If this were true of Finnegan, he would still be entitled to credit for remarkably shrewd responsiveness to the public will, since his use of men and issues has produced phenomenal results.

The Philadelphia Story

When he took over the city chairmanship in 1948, beating the Republicans in Philadelphia was roughly like licking the Bolsheviks in Leningrad. Yet in his first year Finnegan carried the town for Truman. In 1949 he headed the campaign that made Richardson Dilworth and Joseph S. Clark, Jr., then the party's liberal "whiz kids," treasurer and controller respectively, their first steps up the political ladder. The following year the city supported the Democratic candidates for governor and Senator, though they lost the election. In 1951 Clark was elected mayor and Dilworth district attorney. And in 1952, when Eisenhower swept the country, Finnegan delivered Philadelphia to Stevenson by 160,000 votes.

To credit Finnegan alone with this phenomenal record would of course be oversimplifying grossly. There was the decay of the local Republican machine, which needed only a hard push to spill it in the dust; there was the appeal of men like Dilworth and Clark, and later of George M. Leader, the incumbent Democratic governor; there was the support of civic reform groups, Americans for Democratic Action, and the trade unions; and there was the influx of colored voters, who profited greatly from the new order.

But there was also Mr. Finnegan, who knew how to turn a humdrum professional minority machine into a thing of drive and vitality, how to mold a coalition of the most disparate groups, how to use circumstances to convert a latent public desire for change into palpable, countable votes. He had to jam a reform charter down the throats of ward leaders who had long panted for the spoils that went with the old system, and he had to pry patronage loose from the reformers in order to hold together his machine.

Even the Charter fight brought out the compromiser in him. When Mayor Clark tried to amend that document further by eliminating residence requirements for city positions, Finnegan sensed a threat to the party, and that was carrying reform too far. He opposed the move, and as president of the City Council obtained the only veto ever imposed on the reform mayor. In a subsequent tribute to Finnegan, Clark referred in passing to occasional disagreements, even quarrels, with his former manager. When I asked Finnegan the subject of these skirmishes, he answered, "Let's say it was the carpetbaggers"—meaning the experts Clark liked to import from other cities.

IN GOOD PART, this balancing act was designed for the sake of success and enjoyed for the love of the game, which is a large part of Finnegan's approach to politics. As one of his closest associates told me, Finnegan figured that he could win solely on the basis of Republican scandals, "but it would have been a one-shot

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affair and he wanted more than that." To get more than that there had to be at least the recognition of principle, and in fact there was more than mere recognition on Finnegan's part. Vague as to political philosophy and little given to theorizing, he is nevertheless a Democrat out of real conviction that as the party of the people it is best for the country.

Those who know the man well never fail to mention the deep influence on him of his brother Francis, a figure revered in Philadelphia for a lifetime of nonpartisan public service, especially in crime prevention among the young. A tradition of good works clings to the family along with religious devoutness, and something of a monastic quality attaches to Finnegan himself. Unmarried and without family obligations, he held down the party's city chairmanship for four years without salary, living on an expense account, dressing with notable indifference, and riding the trolley to work until a group of local politicians got together and bought him a car. He works with a singleness of purpose that might have made him a bishop had he taken holy orders.

Tactics and Principles

Given this background and the successes he has had with liberal, even egghead, Democrats, he was naturally attracted to Adlai Stevenson, whom he says he admired greatly even on the television screen when Stevenson was still governor of Illinois. Out of this same background he brings to their relationship a general outlook, however flexible, that could hardly have been Farley's when that ambitious contractor decided that his future lay with Franklin Roosevelt. Starting out with no sharply defined views rooted in experience, Roosevelt and Farley worked together well enough in a pragmatic way until history propelled the President to positions far beyond those to which his old manager could ever accustom himself.

On this level the Stevenson-Finnegan relationship is more mature and therefore more stable. Because they are in basic sympathy, they can afford differences, in this case or that, over the degree to which principle should yield to tactics or vice versa. But if there is this inevitable pulling and hauling between the ideal and the practical, each is at least aware of the other's claim and prepared to yield when possible.

With the nominee surrounded by brain trusters, speechwriters, and experts of all descriptions, policy and issues would seem to be well out of Finnegan's province. Yet he is consulted often, and his advice is held in high regard by the intellectuals of the Stevenson entourage. Almost entirely, of course, his views are sought on the *effect* of a proposed speech, policy, or statement rather than on its intrinsic merit, but he knows the distinction and weighs one consideration against the other.

He doesn't keep anything like Farley's "F.R.B.C. list," a roster of possible future job applicants who

were For Roosevelt Before Chicago, but like all professionals, he is highly conscious of the uses of patronage. "Whether you want to or not," he says, "you have a certain affection for those who were with your candidate before his nomination, and it's bound to play a part." Clark says he took "a substantial number of Finnegan's suggestions on appointments," and that while these were unfailingly organization men, they were generally the best the organization had to offer. When Clark went outside the organization, Finnegan would "moan and groan" but he accepted them in the end.

What did Finnegan think, I asked him, of Roosevelt appointments like Knox, Stimson, Knudsen, and Winant, men not merely outside the organization but outright Republicans? His answer, possibly directed to Mr. Stevenson, was, "I am confident that there are enough people in the Democratic Party who can fill all posts with loyalty and ability."

Without doubt Finnegan's greatest talent, and his greatest potential contribution to Stevenson, lies in the field of reconciling the mismated and often factious elements of the Democratic Party. As city chairman in Philadelphia, he was first and last an organization man, but unlike most machine leaders, he worked smoothly and very effectively with all the independents, labor committees, sympathetic organizations, and amateur groups that normally vex the lives of professional politicians. I am told it was a common device for conflicting groups of this sort to wind up a set-to with the suggestion, "Let's get Finnegan to come up here and straighten this out."

Though cool at first to Americans for Democratic Action, Finnegan soon recognized its major role in the local Democratic resurgence and worked well with the organization even when he disagreed with it. He wouldn't throw out a ward heeler because the A.D.A. pointed out the man's vulnerability or even his hostility to the joint program of reform. "If you don't like him," he would quietly advise the amateurs, "lick him yourself if you can." And after a flat and hopeless disagreement, he would say something like "That's your opinion, boys. Come around and we'll plan the joint work." What's more, he made the independents feel welcome at these get-togethers, spoke at their meetings, usually in general terms, and would often telephone to ask how things were going and if there was anyone of their group whom the candidate should be seeing. According to Leon Shull, the A.D.A.'s executive director in Philadelphia, by the time Finnegan left the city to become Governor Leader's Secretary of the Commonwealth, he was "loved by the eggheads," without ever having posed as anything but the machine politician he was.

To a dogmatic or stiff-necked nominee like Wilson or Hoover, a man with Finnegan's penchant for compromise would hardly recommend himself. But for Stevenson, with his intense concern for party unity and progress through moderation, Finnegan is ideal. Like his principal, he favored a clear endorsement of the Supreme Court's desegregation opinion in the party platform. He was glad to have Stevenson make the statement he did to that

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effect on the eve of the convention, though he would have preferred a few days' notice to prepare for it in a tactical way. Nevertheless, when the civil-rights plank threatened to erupt in a floor fight, he hurried around with a last-minute compromise, pointing out to the Southerners, in passing, that without a stand acceptable in the Northern cities the party couldn't win, and what would then become of their committee chairmanships in Congress?

Once the issue was settled, however—he was unsuccessful—he characteristically proceeded to forget it and now has nothing but good to say of the plank that was adopted. "I would have preferred a stronger one," he told me, "but the one they wrote was of sufficient force to indicate Governor Stevenson's thinking on the matter. I won't put myself in the role of a critic of those who put in long hours writing the plank."

STEVENSON admires Finnegan's skill and the untiring effort he puts into his work—a former accountant, he pores over the mathematics of the business like a race-track addict over form sheets. But even more, the nominee enjoys his manager's unshakable calm. After the somewhat feverish ministrations of Party Chairmen Stephen Mitchell and Paul Butler, both men of excitable disposition, Finnegan's gentle, placid, almost imperturbable manner makes life a good deal easier for a man to whom the daily grind of politics is at best a strain.

Among those close to the candidate, some suggest that the relationship resembles that of Truman and Acheson, in which the line between politician and egghead was unmistakable and freely recognized on both sides, rather than that of Roosevelt and Farley, where neither member pretended to intellectualism and both were crack politicians.

Beyond this difference, there is totally lacking in Finnegan the element of personal ambition, political and social, that drove Farley to frustration and bitterness. Where Farley aspired to be President, Finnegan doesn't think he could even be elected Mayor of Philadelphia and has only the normal campaign manager's hope of becoming party chairman and possibly Postmaster General. He once assured some fellow politicians who may have had the subject on their minds: "Don't worry, my ambitions don't clash with yours. They are not in the elective field." Philadelphians who worked closely with Finnegan tell of the many ways in which he dodged the limelight, assigning himself and his aides to the tenth car in a campaign motorcade so that others up front might have their egos soothed.

His modesty, however, if that is what it is, has done Finnegan no harm. After joining fortunes with Dilworth and Clark, he eventually became president of the Philadelphia City Council. When he cast his lot with George Leader, he was to wind up as Secretary of the Commonwealth. And when he saw in Adlai Stevenson the kind of political figure to whom he thought the future belonged, he may have secured for himself a position of power in the Washington of 1957.

Hard-headed Indecision

Finnegan is not at all bothered by the one alleged characteristic of Stevenson that might be expected to alienate so practical a man, namely, the nominee's widely advertised suffering in the face of a decision. For this lack of concern there appear to be two good reasons. One is that there is far less of the Hamlet about Stevenson in 1956 than there seemed to be in 1952, if indeed there is any remaining at all. And second, Finnegan himself is reputedly one to fight off a decision unless and until it is clearly necessary. But while Stevenson may be wrestling with his soul to arrive at a conclusion, Finnegan is merely avoiding a showdown for tactical reasons, knowing that problems sometimes solve themselves and that if they don't, the more time that passes the more chance for a happy solution.

Possibly the best example of this tactic of harmonious delay, though it cannot be proved to have been such, was the decision to throw open to the convention the choice of a Vice-Presidential nominee. The theory is that Stevenson could not make up his mind on the candidate he wanted, and at the eleventh hour Finnegan hit on the notion of an open convention, thus at one stroke rescuing Stevenson and embarrassing the Republicans, who had decided to pick Mr. Nixon in an exhibition of predetermined democracy.

Finnegan denies the story, maintaining that the open-convention idea "originated with a number of us" and that the Governor was "in on the discussions from the beginning." But the facts remain that the list of Vice-Presidential hopefuls was still being hashed over by Stevenson as late as the day before the nomination, that Finnegan was certainly one of the number with whom the open-convention idea originated, and that when he talks of the maneuver his pleasure and pride are manifest. If it wasn't an actual example of the Finnegan technique for turning a weakness to advantage, it was characteristic enough to be true in a deeper sense.

ONE NEED not be too perceptive to observe that the Stevenson of this campaign is not quite the same as the Stevenson of 1952. There is a far greater preoccupation with the mechanics of politics, a determined effort to please as far as possible the diverse elements of a patchwork party, a toning down of the wit and humility that delighted the intellectuals four years ago, and a show of the scrappiness and will to win that the precinct politicians found lacking in 1952. No one can say how much of the change is in Stevenson himself and how much is the influence of his advisers, but those who know him best are inclined to attribute much of it to Finnegan. It is the quiet Philadelphian who lets the candidate know what is said and felt in the wards and precincts.

Stevenson admirers may be pleased or disappointed by the change in shading, depending on whether their primary interest is to have him delight their souls or win an election. But if Mayor Clark is a fair criterion, he should not regret the treatment. A Stevensonian type in his own right, Clark seems none the worse for having won under the Finnegan tutelage. In a lofty mood he tells how Finnegan "steered the brash reformers" of Philadelphia "into many a narrow harbor." In a more earthy moment he says simply: "Finnegan makes an amateur organization professional—you can't beat the Yankees with Girl Scouts."

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Southern Unions And the Integration Issue

HENRY L. TREWHITT

A VETERAN of the long, agonizing campaign for union acceptance in a reluctant South, now a vice-president in a state federation, rose to confront his colleagues at an executive committee meeting. The subject was the growing threat of withdrawal by many local unions in protest against national AFL-CIO support of classroom integration. His face worked with emotion as he slapped his union card on the conference table and declared: "I've given my life to organized labor, but I'll turn in my card before I give up my Southern heritage."

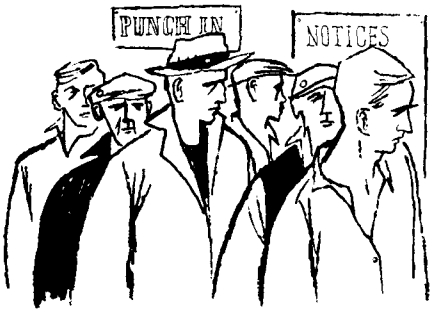
"I was tempted to take his card and tear it up right in front of his eyes," sighed the AFL-CIO administrative officer who reported the incident. "But what would I have gained? Nobody has any real idea yet what the upshot of this thing is going to be."

His attitude emphasized the fluidity of the conflict at its present stage. Neither professional organizers and administrators nor the loyalists among the elected leadership in the South have been able to work out a uniform plan of counterattack upon a revolt that has as many forms as the South has attitudes on race relations. Their efforts so far have been directed at extinguishing each brushfire of discontent as it has flared, and attempting to create a climate in which official AFL-CIO policy will be tolerated if not accepted.

The rebellious workers have generally followed one of two broad avenues in registering their anger. The more popular, particularly among members of industrial unions, is the threat of withdrawal from AFL-CIO in favor of an independent union. The second, attractive to many craft-union members because they have greater economic interests at stake, is organization within the federation to combat the national civil-rights policy. There are many union members who are uncertain exactly what they want from the national leadership, other than a repudiation of its stand in favor of integrated schools.

Loyalists realize they must stay one jump ahead of the rising rebellion. Their losses will be severe if the insurgent leadership at the local level ever unites and throws its strength into a South-wide organization—and gets enough money to operate effectively.

THE VOICE of the union member, although it may not be the most articulate among the segregationists,



is already one of the loudest. It is heard outside the union halls, since he and his fellows make up the majority of many of the white Citizens' Councils of Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. The degree of his antagonism toward the national union leadership and the manner in which it is registered apparently vary with the climate of the community in which he lives.

His sense of betrayal has grown from the Supreme Court decision against segregated public schools and from the uncompromising support the decision has received from the AFL-CIO. The principle of racial equality within the union, of equal pay for equal work, although far from universally accepted had been steadily gaining ground for many years. Now, with the reaction against the school decision, intraunion racial relationships have deteriorated.

The relationship between the union conflict and recurrent tension over classroom integration was aptly illustrated in at least two instances when schools opened early in September. Members of the United Mine Workers of America, including the vice-president of one local, were identified among crowds that turned away Negro pupils from a formerly all-white school at Sturgis, Kentucky. This prompted UMWA headquarters in Washington to announce publicly that "Any participation by members of the UMWA in such racial incidents is completely in opposition to the policy of this union. . . . Any coal miners taking part in such incidents do so as individuals and have absolutely no authority to refer to themselves as officials or otherwise representatives of this union."

And in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a meeting of more than three hundred members of Local 919, Allied Industrial Workers, AFL-CIO, voted to send a telegram asking Governor Frank G. Clement to stop integration in Clinton, where rioting had been halted by the National Guard. The wire asked Clement to restore segregation until the legislature could act, or until a referendum was held to determine public sentiment on the question. There was no effort to explain what solution either course would have offered in the long run. But Robert Miller, president of the local, apparently spoke for his membership when he asserted that "this local does not support the international [union] policies of integration."

The new tide of racism has seriously injured the Negro in areas where he was making progress: acceptance in better jobs and admission to formerly segregated unions or even to those which had simply rejected Negro members.

Wrath of the Hoodless Klan

In February, at a meeting in Miami Beach, the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee issued a report labeling the Citizens' Councils "a new Ku Klux Klan without hoods." There were hundreds of protests. Among them was a letter signed by 408 members of the United Steelworkers local at Fairfield, Alabama:

"We have been informed that the international AFL-CIO has contrib-

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uted to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People many thousands of dollars," the letter said. "Our considered opinion is that the N.A.A.C.P. is a leftwing, radical organization, and that it is dominated by persons who, envious of the happiness of the Southern white and black and ignorantly careless of the consequences of a false and phony philosophy, are now meddling in our affairs. Unless we receive verification in due course that no more of our funds will be donated to the N.A.A.C.P. or otherwise spent in support of its announced aims, and that the international officers of the AFL-CIO shall henceforth refrain from further unauthorized and delusory interference in our personal affairs, we will withdraw from the AFL-CIO and form our own independent union."

The Steelworkers' letter was typical of many statements appearing throughout the South. In Birmingham about a thousand of the 3,200 members of the United Auto Workers local in the Hayes Aircraft Corporation are reported to have joined an organization aiming at decertification of the UAW. Union leaders expect trouble when their contract comes up for renewal next year. Emmett Calhoun, secretary of the Birmingham Typographical Union and head of a Citizens' Council unit, estimates that seventy-five per cent of the Council membership in that area is made up of union men.

An AFL-CIO local in Montgomery, Alabama, took retaliatory action against the rebel element on August 9 by expelling Elmer B. Brock, permanent chairman of the segregationist Southern Federation of Labor. Brock, voted out of Local 432 of the Brotherhood of Painters, Paperhangers and Decorators of America on three charges of acting against the AFL-CIO, said he "took it alone" to protect others who support the Southern Federation.

'We'll Take Segregation'

One of the strongest moves in favor of withdrawal has been made in Memphis, among workers in auto, rubber, steel, and farm-implement plants. Herschel Davis, an administrative assistant to Walter Reuther, was shouted down in March when he told a UAW local there to stop making an issue of segregation. "You are no longer holding meetings for union business; you are meeting to fight integration," he asserted.

Davis failed to discourage his opponents. "The time is coming when the workers of the South will decide whether we want your union with desegregation or our own union with segregation," warned James Marshall, a leader of the dissidents. "When the showdown comes, we'll take segregation."

Marshall and his supporters have suffered a series of setbacks, including his recent failure to win the presidency of his local, but only by the most intense efforts have loyal leaders beaten down the move toward withdrawal in Memphis.

Mr. Canada and the Alien Hordes

The most powerful of the movements aimed at combating integration from within the AFL-CIO is the one that has arisen in Chattanooga. There, members of eight unions, under the leadership of Arthur A. Canada, have formed the Southern States Conference of Union People to challenge the AFL-CIO policy. Its proposed charter reads like the constitution of a totally independent union, and the suggested oath for officers includes this paragraph:

"I . . . promise to resist and oppose, with all lawful means, the destruction of the Constitution of the United States as is now being attempted by hordes of alien socializers and judicial opinions and to oppose the imposition of Union dictatorial policy . . ."

According to Canada, pamphlets explaining the purpose of the organization have been mailed to ten thousand union members in a brochure that includes several other segregationist documents. Typical is a petition form to be signed and mailed to the U.S. Rubber Company protesting "the obnoxious display of Molly Goldberg, on your television program of Sunday night, April 15, 1956, in which she kissed a Negro baseball player, embarrassing both the Negro and millions of Americans of both races . . ." It boiled down to a declaration of boycott because Mrs. Goldberg had given Ernie Banks, shortstop for the Chicago Cubs, a casual peck on top of his head during a humorous monologue.

Canada warns that national labor leaders "will continue their efforts to 'educate' us . . . and if unsuccessful they will find ways to 'throw us out.' . . . The solution to our problem is for us Southern Union people who believe in [segregation] . . . to band together, organize within the organization, so that we can make our power felt in the national councils of the labor movement."

CANADA, a printing pressman, gets his chief support from other craft unionists, for whom outright withdrawal would mean economic disaster. His organization grew out of the reaction last summer to an announcement by the Chattanooga Board of Education that it would integrate its schools at "the earliest practicable date."

The school board's decision drew an immediate endorsement from the Chattanooga Central Labor Union, composed of delegates from AFL unions in the area. But in the outcry that followed, several of the member locals hotly repudiated the Central Labor Union's action.

Stanton E. Smith, secretary of the Central Labor Union and president of the Tennessee Federation of Labor, was generally credited with being the architect of the CLU policy. He has since said he had no part in preparation of the endorsement, but favored it and voted for it. At any rate, as the protest among the unions mounted, he led the CLU in its formation of a new policy. It rescinded the earlier action and adopted a neutral position on the school issue.

By this time, however, pronounced opposition, led by Canada and James Marshall, the voice of the Memphis dissidents, had developed against Smith over the incident. It failed to amount to much in the councils of the organization, and Smith was elected president of the merged AFL-CIO state organization in April without any major challenge. Nevertheless, the sentiment against him on the race issue caused consternation among the national administrative officers in the South: "If we ever lose people like Smith among the elected leadership, the demagogues will take over," one of of them told me.

National representatives in the South must walk a hazardous path. They are obliged to support a strong

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civil-rights policy and yet remain acceptable to hundreds of thousands of union members to whom such a viewpoint is treachery.

Organizational Problems

The labor movement in the South has suffered its greatest damage not from any actual loss of membership but by the sterilization of many areas as fields for new organization. The riots that followed Autherine Lucy's admission to the University of Alabama were reportedly led by union members. "Pictures of the crowd at times could just as easily have been made at a meeting of some of the local unions," said one regional official who now considers Alabama a hopeless prospect for new organizational efforts "for several months at least."

In many instances, organizing campaigns have been thwarted by racial mistrust. The circulation of pictures showing nothing more sinister than a conversation between a Negro and a white has proved sufficient to sway workers against union affiliation. A union was narrowly defeated in Morristown, Tennessee, after distribution of a picture with no caption but showing Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt with N.A.A.C.P. counsel Thurgood Marshall and James B. Carey, chairman of the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee.

On the day following a meeting of the local Citizens' Council, the city fathers in Dublin, Georgia, home of ten thousand persons and several unorganized industries, adopted an ordinance making unionization almost impossible. Under its terms, an organizer must be a resident, buy a $2,500 privilege license, and take an oath of loyalty to segregation.

The AFL-CIO is trying to challenge the ordinance as unconstitutional. But the organizer it sent into Dublin was arrested, not under the new ordinance but on the theory that he might somehow damage a local citizen. He was placed under a peace bond, although union leaders say no specific charge was ever made against him.

In late July the International Union of Electrical Workers won a court decision that may prove significant in the battle against restrictive local ordinances. At Carrollton, Georgia, the City Council had established a license tax of $1,000 for organizers along with a fee of $100 a day. The U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans held that the union may attack the constitutionality of the ordinance in the district court in Atlanta without setting up a test violation.

Organizing efforts, even in areas where they might prove fruitful, have been further delayed by the fact that capable members of union staffs have had to spend their time

keeping down the disturbance in existing locals. Two AFL-CIO diplomats who otherwise would be organizing have been assigned to an educational campaign in restless Memphis. The Chemical Workers Union had to assign personnel to Nashville when racial friction broke out in a local there.

SOME of the Southern labor officials loyal to the AFL-CIO feel the national leadership has been unnecessarily outspoken on the issue. One of this group, on the understanding that he would not be named, insisted to me that national headquarters could make his job much easier without compromising fundamental support of civil rights. He suggested wholesale circulation of a manifesto denying that assessments from union members have been channeled to the N.A.A.C.P. and stating, without elaboration, that "The AFL-CIO recognizes that its locals must continue to exist harmoniously in the society in which they are organized."

Actually, he pointed out, the AFL-CIO has no disciplinary authority over a local. That power belongs to the national leadership of the union involved. And union leaders say the only money ever contributed to the N.A.A.C.P. was a $75,000 grant from the Philip E. Murray Foundation, financed by voluntary contributions.

There has been no indication that the AFL-CIO has any sympathy for his viewpoint. On the contrary, James B. Carey, an AFL-CIO vice-president and chairman of its Civil Rights Committee, reaffirmed in May a "permanent, uncompromisable" policy of "complete equality."

Speaking before the Jewish Labor Committee's national trade-union conference on civil rights, he warned that the Citizens' Councils are aiming at "seducing the union man into fighting his union" by a "great recruiting effort among union members." If they are successful, he said, "It would mean an end to unionism in the South. Standards of living would decline for the working man and economic progress would stagnate . . . We have no desire to drive those who join white Citizens' Councils from us by shouting at them to get in line. But neither at the same time do we intend to compromise what we believe to be unionism's basic democratic principles."

Anti-Labor Wedge?

At the same conference H. L. Mitchell, president of the Agricultural Workers Union, charged that the Citizens' Councils have strong ties to anti-labor organizations that are clearly trying to use the race issue to divide and conquer Southern unions.

Other union leaders have long maintained that the various segregationist organizations, the Citizens' Councils, states' rights groups, and the Federation for Constitutional Government are also anti-labor.

The Federation for Constitutional Government, under the leadership of John U. Barr, a New Orleans industrialist, is composed of leading segregationists from throughout the South. Its advisory committee includes Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi, Strom Thurmond, former South Carolina Senator and Governor, Governor Marvin Griffin and former Governor Herman Talmadge of Georgia, and former Governor William Tuck of Virginia. The AFL-CIO does not regard these men as friends of organized labor.

Even many trade-union leaders who disagree with the Supreme Court decision—and there are several at the state level—believe the racial issue is being used to attempt de-

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struction of organized labor. They still have a long way to go, however, toward convincing rebellious members that they are being taken in by anti-labor forces when they join a segregationist organization.

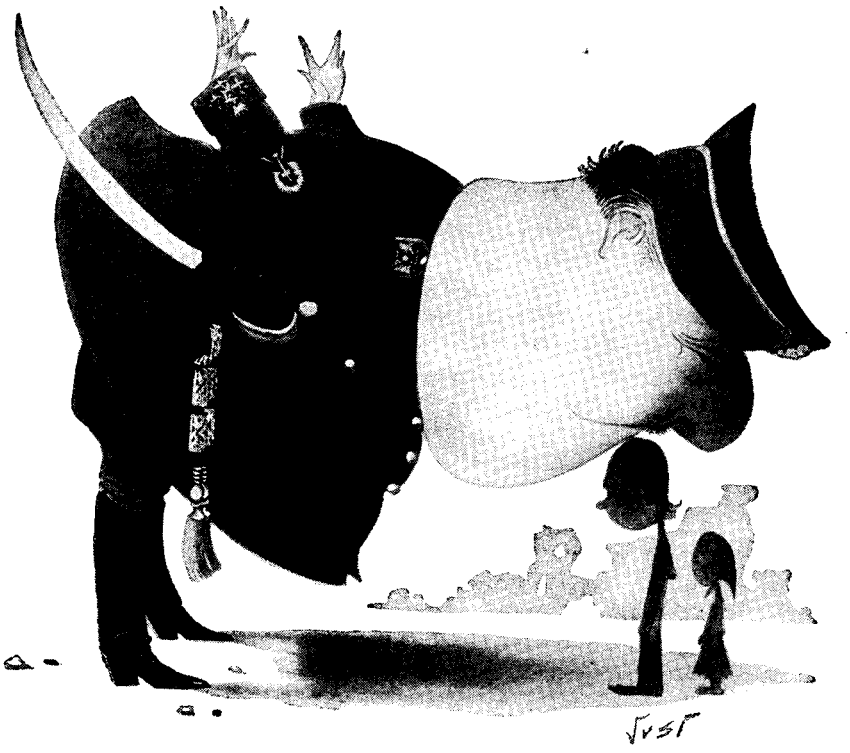
The Disquieting Mr. Tillman

But dissident union members would have to be certain they were following a leader with their economic welfare at heart before they would bolt.

On that point, the loyalist forces are convinced that the greatest single factor in their favor is the absence of leadership within organized labor that is capable of welding the insurgent elements into an effective force. The ability to administer such an organization, involving the complexities of labor law and mountainous problems of financing, is for the most part reserved to those loyal to the AFL-CIO.

There is, however, one man in the South whose name is frequently mentioned with some uneasiness by union officials. He is Robert A. Tillman of Memphis, former vice-president of the Tennessee Federation of Labor and twice president of the Memphis Typographical Union. Tillman has served in the Tennessee legislature and, strangely enough, as an attorney for the N.A.A.C.P. He now is chairman of the Southeast Memphis unit of the white Citizens' Councils and legal adviser to the segregationists in the Memphis trade unions. There has been no positive indication that Tillman would undertake to form an independent union, yet regional leaders fear his capability.

WHETHER or not an independent movement ever gains a secure foothold, organized labor already has suffered serious losses. There is no way of knowing how many potential members have been frightened away or not reached. Certainly there have been many. And there has been a weakening to some extent of every local in which the issue has arisen. Added to the suspicion always displayed toward union labor in the South and to the still unsettled differences between AFL and CIO unions, the controversy has proved a debilitating factor.



Magic Casements Open For the Caudillo

CLAIRE STERLING

"The windows of the fortress are opening wider, bringing exotic winds of which we must beware."
—Generalissimo Francisco Franco,
New Year's Day, 1956

MADRID

JUST three years ago, the Pentagon decided to invest a billion dollars in Francisco Franco. It was a strictly military decision, and a remarkably innocent one as things turned out. Although Franco's pact with the Pentagon has brought him nearly everything he has always wanted—money, respectability, allies, international prestige—he is lonelier now than he was when the world openly despised him, and weaker than at any time since he won the civil war.

What is happening in Spain these days isn't yet what hopeful democrats have been predicting would happen momentarily since 1939. There is no nation-wide disciplined revolutionary underground, no recognized opposition leader, no sign of an armed and organized revolt. But the passivity and resignation that had spread through the country after its exhausting civil war are finally melting away. There is a sense of expectancy everywhere, a conviction that some kind of change is coming, though nobody knows what kind, in a year or two or three. There is also a kind of ingathering going on, "a union," as a prominent editor describes it, "of all the pre-anti-fascists and post-anti-fascists who fought the war and lost it, whichever side they were on." And, more important, there is authentic revolt among those who didn't fight the war and are therefore neither tired nor afraid—the generation that is now coming of age.

It would be unjust to give the Pentagon all the credit or all the blame—

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depending on the point of view—for these developments. Even before the Americans moved in on Franco, Spaniards were becoming increasingly dissatisfied, irritated, and bored under a régime encrusted with corruption and incapable of change. American intervention has not altered these widespread feelings; it has only accentuated them.

Fact and Fantasy

Our military leaders were not particularly concerned with Spanish politics when they signed the base agreements in September, 1953. "We had a choice back there in the early 1950's between putting our bases in Portugal or Spain," the U.S. Army press officer here told me. "But after all, Spain was the first country to lick the Reds on the battlefield, and things went so smoothly here when we first came to look around that we just stayed."

This apparently simple decision can be justified up to a point. Whether or not the American presence in Spain is a military necessity, it does represent an acceptance of reality. "If there had been no Spain, we would all have been careful not to invent one," was the way a European journalist put it. "As it is, you Americans were bound to face the fact of its existence sooner or later." It might even be argued that our acceptance of Franco's existence has probably done more to hurt him in three years than did our ten years of pretending he wasn't there. This, however, was not what the Pentagon had in mind when it decided to spend a billion dollars for bases on his territory, and it certainly isn't the State Department's objective at the moment.

Since American policy in Spain now depends on Franco's continuing presence in the Pardo, it is the State Department's job to keep him there, and to do so on his own terms. There is no longer any talk, as there was in the 1940's, of sweetening his régime. The package the Pentagon bought included not only Franco but the Falange, a Gestapo-trained secret police, and a system of one-man rule untarnished by freedom of speech, press, thought, assembly, elections, or religion. Under the stress of duty, American diplomats here have managed to overcome their personal distaste for this system. Few of them, however, have acquired much faith in it. They may be able to persuade visiting reporters and Congressmen that Franco is "safe for his lifetime," is "moving economically in the right direction," and is "mellowing politically"—"of course our telephones are tapped, but whose aren't nowadays?" But many of them wish they could be more convinced of what they are saying.

Our Embassy officials cannot interfere in Spanish politics because the Pentagon won't let them. "The minute we raise an eyebrow around here," says one, "the army blows its top." Nor can they offer Franco the economic help he needs.

The base agreements are no Marshall Plan. There are three provisions: one for base rights, another for military supplies to the Spanish Army, and a third for economic assistance. Under the first, the United States is laying out $400 million for four vast airbases, one naval base, and a 485-mile pipeline, with Franco providing the real estate rent-free. Under the second, we have so far delivered about $350 million worth of military hardware, all of it designed to co-ordinate the Spanish Army with those of NATO nations.

As for economic assistance, of the $280 million allocated to Spain under the Mutual Security Act through fiscal 1957, Franco must give back seventy per cent in peseta counterpart to the United States for administrative and base-construction costs. The only exception to this rule was a rider pushed through Congress by the late Senator Pat McCarran in 1954, releasing $55 million of which only twenty per cent was returnable in peseta counterpart.

Along with that goes the $117 million worth of American surplus commodities sold in Spain since 1955 under the Agricultural Trade Development and Assistance Act of 1954, a $30-million private loan by four New York banks, and a $62-million governmental loan administered by the Export-Import Bank in 1951.

While this may have saved Franco from ruin, it is no princely sum for a people who still plow with iron nails embedded in planks, still ride in wooden railroad cars drawn by locomotives made in 1868, and who, with the Greeks, are the most underfed in Europe. But even if Franco had received many times that amount of money it would not repay him for the troubles he has had since making his deal with the Pentagon.

Not even the American Embassy maintains that the deal is popular in Spain. Few of the Spaniards I met had a good word for it. Franco's government officials complained that there was too little money in it. They clearly felt, though they didn't say, that Franco's acceptance of such terms betrayed miserable political weakness. Catholics of the extreme Right said it meant American dollars for Protestantism, and people on the Left said it was simply asking for atomic bombardment. Almost all were disturbed by the loss of Spain's 140-year-old neutrality, a policy that even Franco had preserved in the Second World War, if only by dishonorable means and for the wrong reasons. And all disliked the presence of what they regard, despite its efforts to appear in civilian dress, as a foreign occupation army.

Dictator Out of Quarantine

But if the restlessness spreading through Spain dates from Franco's alliance with the United States, it isn't because the alliance itself is unpopular but because it has brought psychological changes that neither of its signatories had intended or foreseen.

As long as the big powers had kept

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Franco in quarantine, Spaniards had been bound to him through national pride, a pride that has become more and more dear to them as Spain's weight in the world has declined. Now that he has been admitted, with American sponsorship, into the best international society, his subjects no longer feel duty-bound to stick by him.

What is more, they can now compare their situation with others, since Franco could not play his new role gracefully without permitting some normal intercourse with other nations. As he has said, the windows of the fortress have been opening wider. Not only have exotic winds been coming in, but the Spaniards have been able to look out.

The story of the Spanish woman who burst into tears on her return from Paris because, she said, "It isn't true that our trains are better than theirs" is particularly interesting because the woman was Pilar Primo de Rivera, sister of the founder of the Falange. There are hundreds of similar stories, of young doctors, lawyers, priests, teachers, and students going abroad with a spirit of adventure and coming home with a sense of shock. And thousands of older among them might have taken even this in silence, if it had not been for the hot resentment of the country's youth.

I had found it hard to believe, reading the newspaper accounts of the Madrid University riots last February, that a handful of students could have brought Spain so close to another civil war. But they did, and they may again soon.

The student who told me about the university riots was a leader of the rebellion. He was so young and frail that I could see how the police might have overlooked him, and so exposed that I doubt whether he can stay out of prison much longer. The rebellion began with a sentimental gesture last October, he said, when several hundred students walked five miles to the cemetery where the great Spanish philosopher José Ortega y Gasset had just been buried, to lay a wreath on his grave. They had never been permitted to study under him while he lived, because of his opposition to Franco's clerico-fascist régime; and their feeling of irrevocable loss after his death quickly turned into something more.

The turmoil on the campus last winter was partly reflected in a secret poll ordered by the government, which revealed that seventy-four per cent of the students thought Franco's régime was incompetent and eighty per cent thought it corrupt. But the measure of their discontent became clearer when, on February 1, they circulated a manifesto in all Spanish universities, where nothing like it had been seen for two decades. The manifesto cited the poor facilities, the inferior textbooks, the mediocre teachers, the "monopoly of thought," the "intellectual sterility and failures . . . of the corporate academic system," the mock student councils under Falangist control. "In all this, as in so much else," it concluded, "Spain, to her detriment, stands apart from the stream of European university life."

The signers of this manifesto were put on the Falangist black list for punishment after the February 9 riots. Also on the list was the rector of the University of Madrid, an intellectual mainstay of the Falangist régime. Another was the dean of the Law School, who, despite a background much like the rector's, was punched in the nose by Falangists and later fled the country after finding that his "suicide" had been neatly arranged for him with all the gas jets turned on in his room. An American was on that list too: the late Camille Cianfarra, who had incurred the Falangist wrath with his courageous reporting for the New York *Times*.

Spaniards who can't afford to travel have also been jolted by their encounters with the throngs of new tourists—workers, artisans, intellectuals like themselves—who drive into Spain in their own cars, talk familiarly of unfamiliar ideas, and have plenty of marks, francs, or crowns.

Campus Manifesto

While these have been painful discoveries for so proud a people, the

The Caudillo Climbs Down

From what my young friend told me, the riots must have been particularly brutal. They started when fifty Falangist toughs invaded the Law School, armed with clubs, brass knuckles, and guns, to teach the rebels a lesson. By the next day the gang had swelled to two thousand armed thugs, who beat the students unmercifully—my friend among them—while the police looked on. Then one of the Falangists accidentally shot another, and the fighting ended abruptly.

Why, I asked, did all of Spain hold its breath, waiting to see whether the wounded young Falangist would live or die? Because, I was told, the Falange was alarmed by the spread of political heresy and impatient with Franco's eternal irresolution, because it planned to use the boy's death as a pretext for crushing the smallest seeds of revolt with lethal force, and because no one in Spain—students, parents, workers, Church, or army—would tolerate such a display of force in the waning days of the Generalissimo's rule.

Franco knew this because the army told him. What he was told, in fact, by the Governor-General of

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Madrid, was that if he didn't get the Falange off the streets, the army would do it for him, and his rule would be over.

This ultimatum explains why Franco did call off the Falange, why he instructed his Interior Minister not to torture the students in jail, why he even permitted José María Gil Robles, who had headed the right-wing Catholic group Acción Popular under the Republic, to defend some of them in court. It also explains why the university students, who are only sixty thousand in a population of twenty-nine million, may hold Franco's fate in their hands.

'They Will Not Permit Us to Die'

For all his youth and inexperience, this frail boy I talked with has a clear intelligence; and, like several others I met later, he feels he is taking a calculated risk. "Everybody in Spain knows the régime is rotting before his eyes," he said. "And why don't they sweep it away? Because they're tired—so tired and hurt that whatever is done to them, they don't want to fight. But they're also ashamed of their weakness and their failure, so ashamed that they couldn't bear the final humiliation of seeing their sons killed for doing what they hadn't dared to do. So we will offer ourselves for the killing, and, as you will see, they will not permit many of us to die.

"My generation can do this," he went on, "because we were scarcely born when our parents were fighting in 1936, and the civil war means as little to us as the loss of Cuba meant to them. So we are not afraid of another civil war, though we hope to avoid one for their sakes. We think we can.

"We students will resort to terrorism in October. But the dynamite will be used against stone buildings, not men. And when Franco retaliates, as he must, the army will have the excuse it needs to get rid of him without bloodshed."

'Red' Barcelona

It is not impossible that so slight a tug at the wheel could bring a great turn in history. For in the north, among the workers on whom a revolution should logically depend, I found an extraordinary reliance on the handful of students who are so confident in Madrid.

Barcelona does not have the deceptive surface of Madrid, where the dictator's hand lies fairly lightly. It is quite nakedly the subject capital of a captive state. The Catalonians and nearby Basques fought to the last against Franco as much because they hated Castilian rule as because they hated fascism—possibly more. And as Franco knows, since he keeps two policemen in all their university classrooms, a rebellious spirit can't be described as a novelty among them; it has always been there. But the older of them are as tired as Spaniards everywhere, and infinitely wiser in the ways of civil war.

Unlike Madrid, Barcelona has a full-grown underground with functioning political parties: right-wing industrialists, Christian Democrats, Socialists, Anarchists, Communists. All but the Communists have pooled their strength, and they expend it with the utmost caution. Thus, the supposedly spontaneous strike wave in the north last April was spontaneous only in that nobody knew how many workers would walk out. (Almost fifty thousand did.) Otherwise, it was carefully planned. Workers were instructed to put on their Sunday clothes and go off on picnics so as to avoid any contact with the police. The "Red" workers of Barcelona were the last and fewest to go out, since they had suffered most in the streetcar strike of 1951. This time the initiative was taken by the Catholic workers of Pamplona, in the heart of unseditious Navarra. And the strike funds were provided mainly by the employers themselves, with some additional contributions from parish priests and one or two bishops.

The underground leader who gave me this information did not resemble the impetuous young man I had seen in Madrid. Like the Barcelona students who brought me to him, he was less accessible, less careless of eavesdroppers, more measured in his speech—and far more exposed. "We in the north are ready to do what we must to undermine Franco," he said, "and we have found it possible to do something useful recently, as these strikers have shown. But the strikes were for strictly economic issues. They were not intended as a preliminary to a general uprising, and no such uprising could start from here. If it did, we would be savagely crushed. We are the Reds of Spain, though there are actually few Communists among us. Franco knows who we are and where we are, and his revenge would be merciless and swift.

"It is not the same for the students in Madrid," he continued. "Their leaders are the sons of Falangist heroes and Cabinet Ministers—even the nephew of the fascist martyr, Calvo Sotelo, was among those arrested in February—and Franco cannot punish them without shaking every pillar of his régime. They are very young and immature, and I wonder if they'll know how to use this precious weapon. If they do—if they can manage to provoke Franco into losing his head—that would be the time for us to enter the picture. Then we would not be adventurers risking the lives of our people, who have already undergone so much, without at least a chance of success."

The underground leader chose his next words with meticulous care. "You must tell your fellow Americans," he said, "that they would be very much mistaken if they tried to discourage these students, as they

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have been mistaken in standing so closely by Franco's side. There are only two or three years left in which to avoid a terrible disaster in Spain —for us and for you. If the students act now, and cleverly, we can avert another civil war. But if they do not, the initiative will pass from Madrid to the north. My colleagues and I can still control the underground here, and because we are mature, responsible men who know what war is, we can keep our passions in check. We can even find a way to compromise with ideas we deeply dislike, and we could settle for a moderate government after Franco falls. But we can't keep the leadership much longer. In three years, at most, we shall be replaced by young workers as reckless as those students. Our united front will fall apart, and there will be war."

It would be foolish to underestimate Franco's resources for coping with this situation. But even with the United States as a powerful new protector, he cannot call out all the reinforcements he has counted on in the past. The Falange is not only detested, as always, by Spaniards of every ideology and class, but is riven with dissension and heresy. Its left wing, still clinging to Franco's twenty-year-old revolutionary promises, is calling for the kind of corporate socialism that every nationalist dictator talks about and none provides. The right wing, watching the first stones falling from the crumbling fascist edifice, is clamoring for blood. And both sides, fearing their eventual extinction, are furiously denouncing Franco for his plan to restore the monarchy after he dies. Franco has tried to reassure them by saying recently that "the Falange can live without the monarchy, while the monarchy cannot live without the Falange." But they have had no such reassurance from the monarchy, which presumably will succeed him.

The army, while no center of courageous resistance, is beginning to notice an unmistakable shift in the tide. The old semi-secret officers' unions that were so serviceable in pre-fascist days, the Juntas Militares de Defensa, have reappeared in Barcelona, Valencia, and Seville; and at least four generals are known to be looking for the kind of pretext the students might provide.

The Sindicatos, Franco's paternalist unions, are becoming more and more restive as workers learn of the material benefits being won by the archaic free trade unions abroad. Franco has given these workers all the trappings of social insurance and social security. But this does not appreciably help a worker whose real income is less than it was twenty years ago, and who is now faced with an inflationary cycle that raised living costs by eighteen per cent in the last year.

God and Caesar

Above all, the Catholic Church, which has been so deeply committed to Franco since the concordat was signed in 1953, has shown a discreet desire to disengage.

Only a handful of prelates—the Archbishop of Zaragoza, the Bishops of Málaga, Valencia, and Córdoba—have ventured to rebuke Franco from the pulpit. But as early as 1954, the Primate of Spain, Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, revealed some of the hierarchy's anxiety when he said, on giving Franco an honorary degree in canon law, that there should not be "dangerous confusion between the spheres in which Church and state must operate." The Generalissimo replied piously that such a distinction "doesn't make sense in a state like ours, where all is God's." He refrained from mentioning, however, who in Spain was to be God's chief representative.

Time has clarified that question. The concordat has reaffirmed the traditional authority of the Church in matters of religious dogma, and given it a free hand in the war against Protestantism. "The next time someone calls on you to talk about the Bible," said a priest over the state-controlled radio recently, "invite him in, give him a cup of coffee, and call the police." But the Church has no more control over education than it had before, no noteworthy political privileges, no freedom for its own press, and no authoritative voice in the Cabinet, where the only remaining spokesman for Catholic Action is Foreign Minister Alberto Martín Artajo. The hierarchy is therefore officially identified with a régime it cannot control, and whose practices have disaffected nearly the whole populace. The last time this populace rose up in anger, fourteen thousand priests were among its victims.

According to an influential Catholic editor, the Church would much prefer a peaceful transition to some moderate form of Christian Democratic government after Franco's death. "But Franco has blocked every effort to prepare for his successor," he says. "De Gasperi was sheltered by the Italian Church throughout Mussolini's tyranny. But we have no De Gasperi here."

What will happen if the Church waits too long? And what if the people won't wait? The question is as pertinent for the United States as it is for the Vatican and the Spaniards. We have staked a good deal on Franco's ability to outlive his opponents and outwit his subjects—not only our billion-dollar bases but our chances to influence the Spaniards' choice of a successor. The real reason for Secretary of State Dulles's sudden visit to Madrid during the Geneva Conference last fall was his discovery—through Molotov—that Franco had been holding secret talks with the Russians in Paris since the preceding winter. By the time Dulles got to Spain, Franco had already concluded trade agreements with Poland and Hungary, and his talks with the Russians are still proceeding. Nor has Franco shown the loyalty we might have expected of him at the Suez Conference in London, where in his reluctance to offend the Arab world, on which he himself has diplomatic designs, he withheld Spain's support from the embattled western nations.

The question of succession perturbs many Spaniards who prefer the known evil to the unknown, and who would rather put up with Franco while he lives than face the chaos that might come with his fall. For these Spaniards, few of them monarchists by conviction, a restoration of the monarchy now, while Franco is still alive, offers the only hope of gradual and peaceful transition. But Franco seems no closer to this objective now than he was when he promised it after his dramatic meeting with the exiled Don Juan two years ago.

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Bowlers and Bumbershoots At a Piccadilly Peep Show

HORTENSE CALISHER

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, *July 1. (Reuters)—Two girls, posing in the nude in a lion's cage at a theater here, didn't move when the beast attacked its trainer. It's against the law for nudes to move in a show.*

WHEN I saw that dispatch in a New York tabloid, a day before flying back to the London I had lived in for a year and hadn't seen for three, it seemed to me that I had already been transported, without benefit of Pan American, to that corner off Shaftesbury Avenue where the Windmill stands—the theater where the art of the nude still, the still nude, or what the British, reaching guardedly and instinctively for French, call the "*tableau vivant*," has been refined to a kind of high-tea perfection.

'Veddy Refayned'

I grew up in the 1920's, when it first became chic to draw deadly inferences about a nation from its livelier arts, but I should be understandably wary, for instance, of any foreign attempts to analyze life in the United States on a pure basis of Disneyland and the Tootsie Roll. Nevertheless, as I held that clipping, I began to laugh as I remembered the first time I saw the Windmill's selected pekoe blend of galvanized pony ballet, sweating comics, and stone-cold nudes. I had laughed helplessly on and on—somewhat to the bewilderment of the Englishman who had taken me in hopes, I had rather thought, of a quite different reaction. "I'm sorry," I had said. "I just didn't realize it was going to be so *refayned*." And so cozy, I had thought, but hadn't said—so candy-box cozy.

On a pedestal in the far center of the stage, a comely nude girl reared her classic cockney form divine. Under a great silver wig whose chignon streamed to windward in the general direction of Greece, her whole profile, powdered and Medusa-struck, stared sternly into the wings. Although she must have been there for quite a while, indeed since the beginning of the scene, I hadn't noticed her immediately, first because downstage left a young man in dinner clothes was singing an in-

nocuous song whose topical references were straining my newly arrived ear, second because four pretty young girls dressed in dance-team gear were doing an arduous tap routine in front of her. They bounced energetically but asymmetrically back and forth, wearing jolly soccer-team smiles varied now and then by an occasional *moue*. For the life of me I couldn't decide whether their bobbing energy was there to call attention to her who could not move or to cover her up.

Their costumes had a similar combination of allusion and artlessness. Made of the usual stage stuffs—electric satins, flimsy tulles, and sparklers—they were cut to point adroitly to a thigh, a navel, or other interesting places. But effects that might have been daring were blotted out by confusion; each getup was composed of so many colors, textures, and foci that the final impression was that of a costume going off purposefully in all directions—exactly like a dowager's Fortnum hat. Each girl wore something in her hair too, such as a string of artificial roses or a little coronet—one wore a butterfly-shaped parure with waggling antennae, the like of which I had not seen since my short stint, at the age of eight, in the De Braganza Academy of La Danse on the top floor of the old Audubon Ballroom in New York.

Was it possible that the British had persuaded themselves that sex was less vulgar if it was dowdy? Turning to my companion, I made amends by saying that I had really been laughing at us assembly-line Americans; I could see now how much we had lost by sacrificing prettiness to style.

MEANWHILE the scene had shifted. We were at a hunt breakfast now—at least the soubrette, tenor, and chorus, all vigorously singing and prancing, were done up in smashing pinks, stocks, crops, and boots, and the tenor was spurred. But this was a hunt held, apparently, in the gardens of Versailles, or possibly in one of the Roman temples that had once underlain these streets. For, gradually, one became aware again of those pedestals in the rear, four of them this time, and it was interesting to note that while one immobile naked girl might be news, four sank to the level of scenery. All four figures faced the audience now, staring out over our heads as plaster casts in a gallery might stare at a culture group, from the chill, Platonic distance of Art. They continued to do this all through the hunt breakfast.

No Navel Maneuvers

As it happens, nudity doesn't startle me, but on this occasion I felt distinctly uncomfortable, because it did seem as if no one was noticing those girls except me. In the brown light, I glanced stealthily at the audience. This particular show had started at one in the afternoon, and in the queue outside (the queue starts around ten in the morning at the Windmill) there had been a fair number of bowler hats,

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striped pants, and tightly rolled umbrellas—City gents, I assumed, hesitating to believe they could be from Whitehall. We had arrived at change-of-show time (the Windmill has six shows a day), and as we came down the side aisle to the stalls we had been caught up in what still lingers in my mind as the ultimate example of the triumph of English disciplinary manners over human impulse. Silently, bumbershoots

hooked on wrists, hats in hand, faces rigid with noninterest, the brigade oozed forward. Not an elbow dug, no bunion was trod upon, no whiting pleaded haste to the snail, but in the end the advance guard landed, as if its muscles had unwittingly carried it there, in the choice seats in the front rows.

I LOOKED at them now, rows of blank faces, eyes front on the can-can girls with which the Windmill show always ends. Certainly some of them must be noticing those other girls at the rear, but I couldn't catch them at it. At that moment the show ended and the film screen came into view, with the notice that flashes at every intermission: "Gentlemen are requested kindly not to climb over the seats." A polite ripple of amusement, as at an old but beloved joke, murmured from the audience. It was the first noise I had heard from them. I burst into laughter again. "Did you say something?" asked my companion.

"No, nothing. Only—what a quiet audience!"

"Should have seen this place during the war, when you Americans were here," he said. "Your boys kept yelling for—what is it you people say—*bumps*?"

"Bumps and grinds?"

"Yes, yes. I saw that when I was over there. In Boston. Rather ritualistic, that."

"Well, of course our boys couldn't yell what they would have at home."

"And what would that be?"

"'Take it off!'" I said.

"Oh?" he said. "Oh, quite."

THERE IS surely a notable difference between the mores of a country that rules out total nudity for consoling variations on a G String and of one whose Lord Chamberlain has decreed that nudity is O.K., gentlemen, as long as it doesn't jiggle.

So, when I came over this time, I tucked the clipping in my bag to remind me to have another go at the Windmill, this time from the inside looking out as well. Since then I've been to the Windmill many times: as a paying customer out front, as a hanger-on at rehearsals and canteen causerie, as an onlooker at auditions, and as a guest bidden to what surely must be the most *gemütlich* dress (or undress) rehearsal in show business—an every-seventh-Sunday-afternoon affair attended by a packed audience of the company's parents and families, including small brothers and sisters, and friends. One thing is certain—since the Windmill with its accumulated traditions, on stage and off, has been going steadily since 1932, six shows a day, nonstop even during the blitz, with a queue that renews itself like a lizard's tail all day long, and at the rather stiff price of $2.15 and $1.50, I think that we may take it that we are in the presence of a cultural pattern. In other words, a considerable group of Englishmen must be getting what they want, in terms of what they are allowed to have. Just how to express what that is still eludes me.

Backstage at "the Mill," as its familiars call it, the first thing that the visitor notices is the unique *esprit de* (forgive me) *corps*. All show business has a breezy, gravel-voiced appeal for outsiders, but the special note of intimacy here is that of an enterprise that has been going on for almost twenty-five years, with many of the early staff, both house and production, still at their jobs. Patrons are encouraged in an "old-boy" feeling that the Windmill belongs to them and they to it; they often send in scripts, which are occasionally performed, and far-flung colonials may subscribe to a picture-brochure service that keeps them posted on the gossip and the girls. All this is essentially the creation of Mr. Vivian Van Damm, known to the staff as "V.D.," a British showman whose long history as an entrepreneur includes associations with Marcus Loew in the early days of film and with Laura Henderson (the original "angel" of the Windmill) as promoter of the first nation-wide tour of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, starring Dolin and Markova. He, with the recent assistance of his daughter Sheila (otherwise known as one of the foremost women sports-car competition drivers in Europe), runs the place with the paternalistic blend of shrewdness, kindness, and efficiency that has earned it a name as an incubator for male comics, many of whom have become names in radio and television, and as a finishing school for young beauties who wish to dance or more simply be seen, most of whom go on to the quite understandable destiny of marriage.

Backgrounds of staff and cast are eclectic. The dance producer, Maisie Cryer, was a Ziegfeld girl and pupil of Gilda Gray, and the choreographer, Keith Lester, was a member of Ida Rubinstein's company and a partner of Karsavina. *Les girls* come from all over, daughters of judges and bishops being not unknown, and in the canteen I talked to one of the male dancers who had been a Salvation Army preacher. At

regularly scheduled times, anybody can audition at the Windmill, and from a morning run of variety turns that I witnessed, it is apparent that anybody does.

Frozen Popsies Every Day

The aficionado of "the Mill" hasn't had to see more than two different

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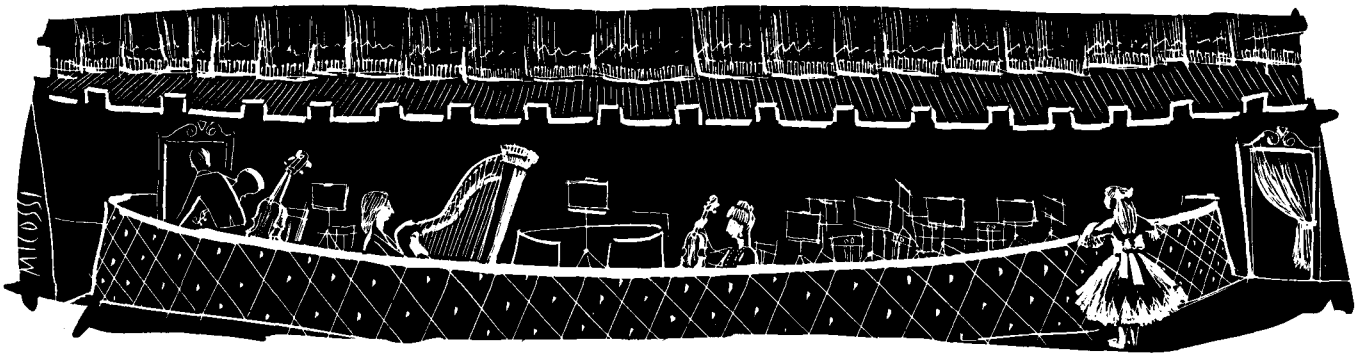

shows to know that the blueprint is always the same: He can count on the fan dance, the veil dance (done in "black" light, with strategically luminous highlights on the veil), one or two comic monologists, a bit of what might be called "real" dancing (including the girl who does the split and then bounces), and the "News Girl"—headlines done up in quatrain and singsonged by one or more girls in a cutie-pie squeal that could only be equaled by a Bedlington pup. Above all, he can rest assured that those frozen popsies in the rear will, like Euphrosyne and her graceful sisters, never change their act at all.

Girl candidates are interviewed by Anne Mitelle, the head producer, with a final O.K. from "V.D.," who, as he says in his book of reminiscences, rates personality over beauty, and opposes American-style precision dancing because "it destroys the individuality of the girls. They are in danger of becoming human automata." He believes that English girls have a high standard of natural beauty accompanied by a special talent for making the worst of it; those engaged are accordingly "taught singing, dancing, elocution, and deportment, and are groomed by the best West End beauty establishments."

Since the theater maintains two complete companies for each production, on a schedule that resembles a table of arithmetical progressions, a supervisory staff of sixty is required, fifteen of whom costume the show. Old patrons tell me that this department is notably clever at contriving costumes which, as if by accident, come down though never entirely off—thus adhering to the letter of the law as well as to the girl.

I mention this only because backstage, as out front, the Windmill seems to prefer the premise that it is really an all-round show in which nudity is only incidental. This is nonsense, of course, since neither the book, lyrics, nor performance can compete with good music hall or musical comedy. My guess is that "the Mill," no less British than its audience, simply finds it more comfortable to pretend to itself that now and then in this our life it so happens that what one critic has called "chastely unclad" ladies may find themselves unaccountably onstage staring at the infinite, and that nobody is looking at them anyway.

'I Choose the Pink'

Come with me then, bearing all this in mind, to the Sunday dress rehearsal. Outwardly the Windmill is a conventional distemper-cum-plush London theater, and ordinarily we would make our way to the stalls via a staircase that departs from the usual only in that one sidewall is lined with photographic stills of the "stills" of yesteryear, and the other bears the notice "The use of cameras or binoculars is strictly forbidden." Thence we might pass through the lounge, always much emptier than its counterparts elsewhere, due perhaps to the rule (designed to keep people from staying all day) that a seat left for more than fifteen minutes is no longer yours. Or perhaps it is the effect of the large tinted photo that dominates it, a blown-up portrait (probably the only picture in the house of a fully clothed female) of a middle-aged lady in spectacles who happens to be the deceased founder, Laura Henderson, but might well be your mother back in Iowa. Now and then one sees a couple of U.S. sailors there, glancing uneasily over their shoulders at her, evidently under the impression that she might be theirs.

This afternoon, however, we are late on account of the weather, without mention of which no study of the British would be complete, and this one not true. My train, bearing me away from more intellectual weekend society in East Anglia, has been delayed an hour by an August flurry that has, among other things, dumped two feet of hailstones on Kent. We find the street door locked, and must be led, via backstage, up and up through the flights of offices, wardrobe departments, canteen and rehearsal floors that make the Windmill a peculiarly self-contained theatrical organism and give it the air of a raffish home away from home.

We come out in the back rows of the dress circle to a view of the chorus that must have its own devotees—the kind of plunge-line perspective that a giant basketball center might have if he were ringed by an opposing team of lady pygmies in décolletage. It is interesting, but the audience, fanned out beneath and around us to the full capacity of three hundred seats, interests me more.

The front rows of the dress circle are lined with about thirty-five photographers. This is the Camera Club, which pays a sum to charity for the privilege and regards it, says Mr. Van Damm, "as a wonderful opportunity to try out various lens systems and high-speed grain-free film stock." Elsewhere the audience is solid with middle-aged couples who may be parents or aunts and uncles; and just in front of me is a white-haired pair of a type more often seen near the band pavilion at a watering place or on a golden-wedding tour at Torquay.

There on the stage is Chastely

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Unclad, as usual, but everyone is watching the fan dance going on in front of her. As you must know, this consists of a bare girl manipulating two ostrich fans with a wingspread of at least five feet each, in such a manner that, although she and the fans are in constant motion, one never sees more than a small slice of girl. To this the Windmill has added two other girls with fans that, in flowing rhythm, cover the center girl just as her own fans rise.

From behind me, I hear a small voice say, "Coo, isn't the red one lovelly," and an even smaller one answer, "I choose the pink." Turning, I see, sitting behind me under the duennaship of their mother—their starched skirts spread, their lapped hands prim—two little girls, ages about eight and twelve.

For the children who, as I now see, dot the audience, the time may be written off as educational: Art is present, all right, and a flicker of current events, as when the News Girls blame the scantiness of their leopard-skin panties on the credit squeeze. As for the book, there's scarcely a leer in it, unless you count the tenor's impassive, castanet-charged singing, in the Spanish fiesta scene, of "The secret things we DID (click click click) In MADRID (click click click)." There's nothing else your daughter shouldn't hear, really—unless you prefer yours not to pattern her metabolism on Albion's damp version of a torch song: "I've taken a SLOW-OW burn, for a FAH-ast man," sung, with the faintest of struts, by an asbestos blonde.

When the ballerina, executing a comic version of Giselle, enthusiastically loses her costume to the waist and carries on bravely without it, I do steal a glance at the mother behind me. Better bred than I, she stares me down. *Her* girls, she seems to say, are not the sort to exclaim—if they notice—that some of the empresses down there have no clothes on at all, and I remind myself that they come of a nation where once almost a whole town did not look at Godiva.

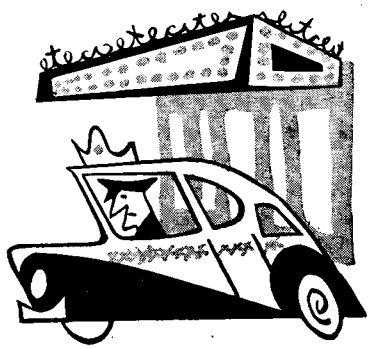
As the afternoon wanes toward the cancan, I almost fall asleep to the innocent rustle of the girls' candy papers and their gentle litany of "I choose the red one," "I choose the pink."

The Old Boy Who Looked

I am still trying, after three years, to find the precise word for the Windmill's high-toned appeal to low instincts. Sex, *l'amour,* as other nations stage it, is hardly present here—either, as with us, in broadly vulgar incitements to the *plaisir de,* or, as with the French, in an interminably contralto *chagrin.* Whatever emotion is here is pastel and comfy, and expressed with the diffidence of those ads in the Underground—wall-size posters showing a painting of hollyhocks that bears the legend "Pride of summer passing by," under that a lower-case "herewith refreshment for the wayfarer," and under that, in type almost illegible across the track, "Offered by the House of Whitbread." Perhaps, it occurs to me as I get up to leave, only the initiates really know what the Windmill sells, as they will know that what Whitbread sells is ale.

At the back of the stalls I pause for a last look. In the aisle seat of the last row there is a handsome old man, nodding and smiling at the stage, whom I notice because his morning suit is exquisite and because he is the only one in his row who isn't munching. Now that I think of it, although most London theaters have a peculiarly recognizable odor of must and dust, the air of the Windmill this afternoon smells much more nimble, if artificial. Everyone is eating candy; the house sibillates with it.

It occurs to me that if Sir Osbert Sitwell can claim that the genius of English life is characterized in the names of its butterflies and its fruits—Beautiful Pug, Light-Feathered Rustic, Brixton Beauty, and Cambridge Veneer—there is no particular reason why I shouldn't try a similar interpretation via British sweets, whose light-feathered names I adore. On the stage down there, four girls are doing their tap routine around that statue. Take Number One, the jolly team captain, whose teeth are not her most remarkable projection; one knows her at once—a Nuttie Crisp. Next the shy one with the coronet—a Sherbet Bonbon, I fancy, a pensioner's dream. Rum Truffle for Number Three, a girl with a knowledgeable smirk and moiréed hair. Four does a handspring as I ponder and comes up *moue*-ing; there, if ever I saw one, goes a Fizzer Fruit. I leave the statue unnamed; she is nobody, she is noumenon. But before I go I cast a glance of respect at the old boy on the aisle. Whoever he is, he's the only one I've ever caught looking at her.



OUTSIDE, the weather is fine, all hail melted, and I walk home along the Embankment. The sky is suddenly weirdly beautiful with platinum cloud castles tumbled straight out of a Virginia Woolf sentence, and the sodium flares on Waterloo Bridge make the lurid river below the Thames that Turner saw. At such times in this country, in the all too sudden presence of the awe and mystery of life, one wants only to be comfy, not exacerbated as in America. And I am prepared; I take out of my purse a piece of something called raspberry fuzzle and begin to understand the English taste for sweeties.

So, fuzzling, I enter the Middle Temple, that bastion of law, where I happen to be staying, and climb the stairs. And as I pass names still worthy of Dickens's law courts—Ponsonbys, Widgerys, Hurle-Hobbses—I remember those girls in the cage at Nottingham. They too are the law's embodiment in this most orderly of nations: English Daphnes standing firm, perpendicular, and above all fast, in the lion's den. But that lion must have come from somewhere else. It must have been some aggressive foreign beast not yet weaned to treacle toffee—still ravening after good red trainer. It might have been some vulgar old reprobate from the States, left over from Ringling's. Wherever it came from, that certainly was no *British* lion.

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The Rivers of Vicenza

A reminiscence of one who loved them and was betrayed

ANTONIO BAROLINI

VICENZA is the city where I was born and three are the rivers that wind themselves about her at the foot of the Berici Hills. They are not great rivers, but modest ones in normal times; curving and green, they insinuate themselves into the city, appearing suddenly in silent, humid quarters or flowing under bridges that open unexpected vistas through the tangle of buildings and streets.

The three rivers are the Astichello, the Retrone, and the Bacchiglione. They bring greenness to all of Vicen-

za, giving life to the gardens, to the peach trees and magnolias, to the climbing roses and the long avenues of poplars, to the high hedges of villas and the balconies of apartments overflowing with geraniums. They animate the stones of Vicenza, her palaces and churches, with hues of warm grayness; they corrode and color the marble of bridges into antiquity; they give the city its color and the reflection of its soul.

Some years ago I worked in the office of a tall *palazzo* just at the edge of the city's true center. From the balcony that opened off my room the rivers were not visible; but that they existed, that their waters ran through the city and along the paths of her people, could be felt even up there. The rivers of Vicenza are a peaceful flow, softening and freshening the many aspects of the city that time would otherwise have hardened. And while the rivers freshened, they also consumed—the gardens on their banks, the foundations of houses, the beaches of the washerwomen.

Below the balcony, in orchards, fountains sprouted with copious and sonorous jets of water. The surrounding *palazzi*, the cupolas, the towers, the enormous roof (like the shell of an innocuous sleeping turtle) of Palladio's basilica in the Piazza dei Signori, seemed to float on the invisible drifting current of the three rivers whose waters passed under the city and lifted its foundations in an all but perceptible breath.

NATURALLY, to understand all this it was necessary to be somewhat initiated, although a great baggage of culture was not needed. My mentor, for example, was a simple enough and uninstructed man—Giacomo Zanella, stoker of coal for the railroad. His name is the same as that of the Vicenza poet who wrote of the river Astichello in a sonnet cycle, provincial and cultivated, during the last century. But my friend's hands were large and black, and he used them on a shovel from morning to night among piles of coal at the station docks. He had never heard of his namesake the poet, though he felt the same exuberance as he fished that the poet felt as he penned his sonnets.

On each day off from his work the stoker Zanella turned to the rivers and fished their clear currents with a long and gently bowed rod. He was blind in one eye and the rims of both were red and puffed from the irritation of coal dust. His face had the ugliness of stone masks that adorn the old fountains of Vicenza, where the more the sculptor had striven to make them horrible and grotesque, the more they had become nothing more than harmless spouters of water.

The stoker with his burning eyes was like a Charon, but in his boat he plied not the black waters of the Styx but the mild and open waters that passed the old houses of his city. His boat was one of those squat tubs that are not clearly defined into a bow and stern. It was low with a flat keel, the kind that adheres well to river currents. Zanella propelled himself with a long pole and beached himself on a bit of gravel to fish, throwing his line where the waters were deepest and where the fish run like silver shivers in the current.

Giacomo Zanella, stoker, knew everything of the city's three rivers. He had gone over them in his boat for hours, at times even for days, passing from one to the other by means of canals and streams that I was tempted to think were known only to him. The rivers spoke to Zanella, and he gave back his confidences to them without reserve, as one can do only among trusted friends in whose company nerves are relaxed and in whose force one abandons one's own willingly, to feel for an instant free even from the necessity of action; and everything is resolved in a contemplation so intense it cannot be expressed in words, so concise and infinite are its meanings. This existed between Giacomo Zanella, stoker, and the rivers just as, to a lesser extent, it had existed between them and Giacomo Zanella, poet.

THE STOKER did not limit to the fair seasons his visits to the rivers. Even in storms, even in the winter, when his boat lay inert on the land and covered with a rude shelter of tin in the courtyard behind his house, Zanella visited the rivers. During these times he would walk on the banks or sit on a rock and watch the swollen waters all yellow and impetuous. He watched their violent voraciousness with the leaves and branches and debris caught in the maws of their currents from flooded refuse piles upstream.

Sometimes he was called on to probe the rivers for drowned bodies. Zanella knew the habits of the rivers

—he knew where and when the waters would give up a body. After following at length the river bank, getting the scent of the waters, the direction of the winds, the course of the ravines, and the measure of tur-

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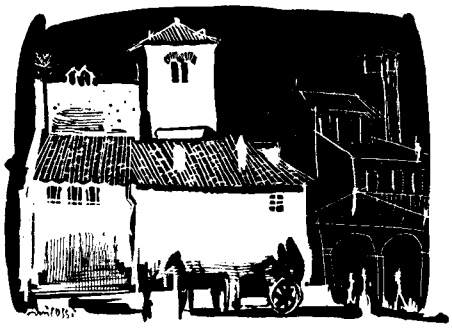

bulence of the current, he would say, "You won't find a body before two days are up, and you'll have to go as far as Debba to find it. After two days—tangled in the grating at the falls." And each case, with its different diagnosis, would be as Zanella had said.

My friend knew the secrets of fishing the rivers, too. "You see," he would say, "if you want a good trout you must come to the exact spot at exactly the right time." What the exactly right time was he never told me, but he knew. I remember the day he brought me the gift of a marvelous trout fresh from the river and covered in vine leaves. And he told me then: "Each fish that the river gives me is a treason that she must compute. But this is the law. And even Christ ate fish."

IT MUST not be assumed that Zanella recounted to all and sundry the stories and secrets that he learned from the rivers. He spoke of them to me because I, in my office, was connected with him and his work on the coal piles—we were colleagues of a sort. And, more, I had told him of his namesake the poet. I loved the rivers through the poet, the stoker loved them through his boat, and we found our affinity through the queer circumstance of his having the poet's name.

Giacomo Zanella the stoker knew perfectly the characters of the three

rivers, their diversities, and their individualities. The Bacchiglione, for example, was gay and open, a river flanked by tall trees or high grassy banks; her waters were almost always pure and innocent with babbling; at the lower banks, where she could be easily waded, her bed was white and pink gravel and clumps of grasses swayed with the current, and the sands were wavy with fishbone designs.

"She is a generous river," Zanella would say. "When she is in a bad mood after a thaw or heavy rains, she shows it and puts you on your guard. She is not a hypocrite with secrets and hidden traps under her clear surface. She is happy and sunny, and her fish (except after storms) do not taste of mud. Her fish have been washed and nourished on water that flows over rocks. There are few rivers, my friend, like the Bacchiglione—not too large, not too small."

As for the Retrone, that was a murky river with waters which seemed stagnant but which covered internal eddies and whirlpools. She seemed a great moat but was as dangerous as a swift ocean tide. Zanella told of plunging his pole in her depths and suddenly not finding bottom, or feeling the pull of her hidden swirls suck against the boat.

But it was the Astichello that the stoker found most insincere. She ran through low banks, worn away into mud, right at the edge of the country, with the apparent placidity of an irrigation ditch.

At times her waters even had azure reflections over the black depths, and

her banks hosted reeds, bushes, stripling oaks, mosses, and acacia. Dragonflies hung over threads of weeds at her sides; on her banks lived mosquitoes and beetles luminous against the sun, and little green frogs with great startled eyes. The Astichello was much frequented by hunters because of the many larks that plummeted down from the immense skies attracted by the blue of her sparkling waters. But Zanella distrusted the hidden darkness of the Astichello. "Too much mud, too many dead—especially youngsters who dive in and get caught on the bottom. It's forbidden to dive in, but the river is beautiful and blue on top. She's irresistible like a boy's first girl."

Zanella never tired of talking of his three rivers or I of listening. I enjoyed the confidence of this man who had been considered so difficult and ill-tempered by all.

MY FRIEND the stoker lived in a hovel of old Vicenza that had a courtyard surrounded on three sides by tangled alleyways and other decrepit buildings, and on the fourth by one of the three rivers that passed silently by just before threading the Bridge of Boats farther on. In the courtyard children played, and

women washed clothes on the river bank. During nights of bright moon the cats made love and screamed undisturbed while water mice swam in the river, their long whiskers skimming the waters like the wake of a light craft.

Near the water, by the washerwomen, by the beached boats and the cats, Giovanni the young son of the stoker Zanella had grown up and played out his childhood. At the age of eleven he was a pledge for his father—the only one of the stoker's four children who was to vindicate the father's past. The other children were full grown. The red-haired daughter was a mill hand, while one son was a baker and the other a pharmacist's delivery boy. None had wanted to study except Giovanni, who spent much time reading and writing and, according to his father, already knew everything. Zanella told how Giovanni did sums in his head without writing down figures and how he would certainly become a doctor or a lawyer.

The boy had always gone along the rivers and he knew every one of them. Since he was eight or nine years old he had always gone with other boys to pick mulberry leaves on the edge of the happy and generous Bacchiglione as it passed the far side of the public gardens, near the railway bridge. When it was time for the silkworms to appear, the

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gathering was intense and fatiguing. Mulberry leaves had to be picked in the early evening, and the interval was short because of the silkworm's brief cycle before he retired to his cocoon.

Giovanni and his companions made money from providing leaves to the peasants. But the year he was eleven Giovanni fell from the tree where he was picking into the river below. His friends called but no one heard, and they stood on the banks like frightened, shrill birds—not one dared to jump in after Giovanni. Soon Giovanni's head had sunk beneath the cool deep-running waters, and the boys were on the banks amid the mulberry trees where the evening was still warm and full of sun. They left silently and took along the leaves they had already gathered. The silkworms had to eat in any case.

For three nights and two days the stoker Zanella went in his boat with grappling hooks along the river to find the body, but he never found his son who knew so well how to read and do sums. The poor father with his red-rimmed eyes and heavy black hands went with lantern and hooks all up and down the river—into all her nooks and secret places. The prow of his boat nosed the shore as he searched in bushes and under the walls of riverside houses. He looked under the wheels of mills and between the gratings of sewers. When after three nights and two days they hadn't found Giovanni, the *carabinieri* with the blue hats and silver flame insignia that the boy had admired so much were tired of searching and said, "Let's go home, Zanella. After a while the river will give him up."

And so it was that before the week was out a fisherman friend of Giacomo Zanella, just at twilight, found the poor ravaged body. The father, who had so many times gone up and down the river searching, was not allowed to see his son.

"It burns me here," the stoker told me afterwards, rapping his chest, his eyes blazing from coal dust and sorrow. "It burns me here. How could it have happened? And in the Bacchiglione!" The poor man was oppressed by his grief and came often to the office to sit mutely by my desk, taking out and putting back in his wallet a picture of a laughing Giovanni.

When we stepped out on the balcony from my office I saw in my mind the bridge where the train crosses the Bacchiglione. Just a few yards from where Giovanni fell I had, as a boy, skipped stones with a sister now dead. The waters pass, and the lives their surface reflect shimmer for a moment and are gone.

The Clock Struck Twenty-nine

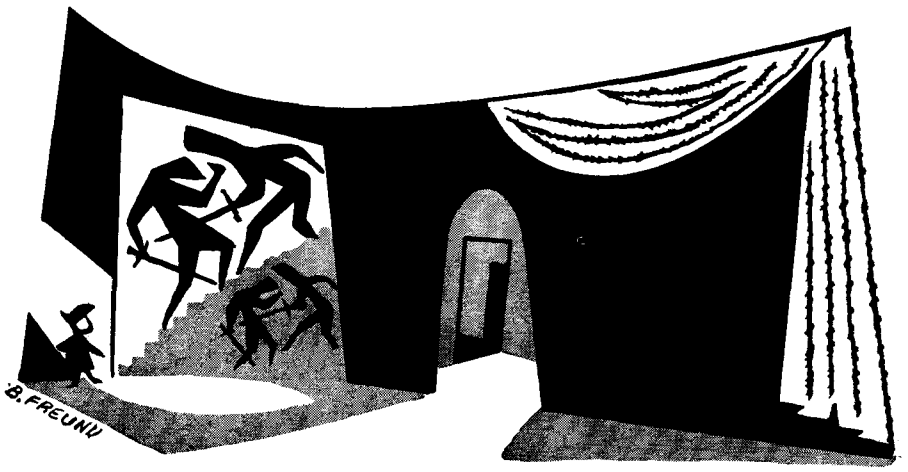
JEAN PARIS

PARIS

France today is anxious. This is one of the reasons why the theater, and especially the *avant-garde* theater, is so alive and popular here. If there is something rotten in the state of France, as many of the French are inclined to think, is it surprising that there should be Hamlets?

Curiously enough, the three foremost French Hamlets using players to ask their questions are Eugene Ionesco, a Romanian; Arthur Adamov, an Armenian; and Samuel Beckett, an Irishman. Equally pessimistic, equally rebellious, and equally disdainful of each other, these playwrights are giving us a new conception of the theater. By their use of a number of puzzling devices they have gradually accustomed audiences to a new kind of relationship between human beings and the dark forces that oppress them. Thus, in *Comment S'En Débarrasser*, Ionesco doesn't hesitate to put a corpse on the stage, an enormous corpse symbolizing the dead love of an old couple, a corpse that grows from act to act until it finally invades the entire space. In the same spirit, Adamov, in *La Grande et La Petite Manoeuvre,* presents a man persecuted by a fascist society who loses his limbs one after the other until at the end of the play he is reduced to a torso. Such tricks throw light on the usually obscure background of our acts, and by doing so they attempt to bring us to a full consciousness of our situation in the world.

This situation cannot be considered comfortable. In these queer and fantastic plays the external world is depicted as menacing, devouring, unknown. For example, in *La Cantatrice Chauve,* Ionesco symbolizes this outside threat by a clock that strikes as often as it wishes: twenty-nine strokes for noon, seven for ten o'clock. In *Le Nouveau Locataire,* he describes a man who rents a flat in Paris—an event already inconceivable in view of the housing shortage—and then an improbable procession of chairs, tables, wardrobes, beds appear one after another and fill the stage so that by the time the



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curtain falls, the protagonist is hemmed in and cannot make a move.

In this new dramaturgy, objects supersede words. It is the inanimate that points to our failure in this universe. We lose our limbs if we fight it; we know so little about it that a clock can be more cunning than a man. We suffocate in materialism where objects take precedence over thoughts.

IN THE academic tradition, the word is dignified or noble, or bombastic. Its obvious emphasis on form rather than content leads often to ambiguity and misunderstanding. In *Waiting for Godot,* Samuel Beckett makes this language ridiculous, reducing it to flat remarks about food, weather, or destiny. Yet his deliberate poverty of style is undeniably poetic. Adamov's characters, too, use commonplaces, while Ionesco's personages speak in the elementary, tourist-abroad style of *French Without Tears.* By discrediting the classical language, these writers aim at discrediting the social class—the "U" class from which it derives. Through all manner of parodies, they reveal what they hold to be the specious tendencies of conventional society.

This trend obviously belongs to a theater in transition. It is negative. Nevertheless, in freeing the stage from its traditional rules, the three French Hamlets are opening the way to something new. They are promoting a new climate of action, and a new style of language. The time has now come when they can no longer play a nihilistic role. With increasing awareness of social anxiety, some of them are moving towards a more affirmative attitude. Thus Adamov, master of pessimism, is becoming political. In his latest play, *Le Ping-Pong,* he propounds socialist values.

Having brought new tools to the art, the *avant-garde* will probably turn to a revival of tragedy. Already in poetry, younger writers seem to be aware once again that beyond the absurdities of existence, beyond the clown's bitterness and sarcastic despair, they must find that intense feeling for life which has always been and must remain the premise of all great theater.

Henry James Came Home at Last

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

HENRY JAMES: AUTOBIOGRAPHY. A SMALL BOY AND OTHERS; NOTES OF A SON AND BROTHER; THE MIDDLE YEARS. **Edited with an introduction by Frederick W. Dupee.** ***Criterion. $7.50.***

Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* runs to three thousand and thirty-eight pages; Henry James's *A Small Boy and Others* (1913), *Notes of a Son and Brother* (1914), and *The Middle Years* (1917, posthumous) are now republished in one volume of five hundred and ninety-nine pages. The James memoirs seem by far the longer.

Chateaubriand gave his nostalgia to the French monarchy, whose fall he witnessed; his blessing to the Catholic Church, whose ruins he admired; his flattering attention to Napoleon, whose career he saw in scale with his own. Deep in public affairs, he managed to have a hundred love affairs and visit Niagara Falls. He bequeathed to his compatriots that romanticism from which they never recovered—Sartre and his boring companions are bookworm romantics seeking a new heroism of despair—and when he wrote his memoirs it had to be a race to catch up with and enregister the kaleidoscopic events of an adventurous life and his ever-shifting response to them. His memoirs are a high gale tearing through the forests of history.

Henry James and his father: a Brady portrait

Henry James was simply a New York boy of good family who became a great novelist and lived abroad. When he came to write his memoirs, at sixty-eight, no great surge or recession of events demanded recognition. His only action had been to write, and he had attended to whatever comment he cared to make about the process when he prepared the prefaces to the New York Edition of his collected novels. As he looked over his life, dictating his memoirs in London in 1911, his mind returned to something deeper than action: something that was at once an intensely personal matter, his youth, and, of far broader interest, the awakening of an artist's mind. There were no facts of any consequence to help him recapture that youth or that awakening. The facts, had they been there, neatly collected, neatly filed, were not what he wanted. He was fully prepared to make the facts subservient to what he wanted. It was the child, the child's mind, reacting to whatever detail, however minute, however distorted in memory, that mattered.

IT WAS not New York in the 1850's that he sought to recapture. If, with supreme skill, he succeeded in doing so, this was incidental to his purpose. It was not London, Paris, or Geneva as they were when first he visited them that he sought to portray, but the attraction, the intensity of attraction they exerted on the spirit of a New York child. It was not even the originality and the charm of his family that mattered: "We were never in a single case, I think, for two generations, guilty of a stroke of business," he writes.

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The James family, even excluding Henry and William, was subject enough for a novelist. But Henry James's concern is entirely with his family's effect on himself.

William James had died the year before these memoirs were undertaken: They were to be a tribute. Certainly Henry James worshiped his brother. This he makes movingly evident. And his affection for his father was very strong. But neither the city of his birth nor his parents, nor his brothers, his cousins, or his aunts could be the true subject of an artist's meditation on the past. The subject had to be himself.

And it had to be pursued with the methods James had finally arrived at after a lifetime: the pause, the halt for the right word, for the qualifying clause, and at the same time the refusal to arrest the flow of the sentence or the paragraph, the refusal to admit that the hesitancy was other than intentional and, finally, the deliberate creation for their own sake of the eddies, the calmer reaches in the waters, premonitory of rapids that never came, together with an

ever more detailed inspection of the river banks. That is why these memoirs, so rich in incident and reflection, so deeply, so quietly and reservedly poetic, compel us to the unaccustomed pleasure of slow reading—accepting all the pauses indicated by the author, and others determined mostly by contentment, sometimes by a feeling of surfeit.

The Smell of London

"The English smell" is what the James boys called it. "I had only to snuff up hard enough, fresh uncut volume in hand, to taste of the very substance of London. All our books in that age were English . . . and I take the perception of that quality in them to have associated itself with more fond dreams and glimmering pictures than any other one principle of growth." James is trying to explain the origins of that nostalgia for Europe to which he hastened to yield—in so far as he was capable of haste.

English books and magazines were part of it. Dickens was part of it—clandestinely heard read aloud at an early age until Henry's sobs revealed his presence and he was sent to bed. His parents talked of Piccadilly and Green Park, and about summer in Windsor, and Richmond, and Sudbrook, and Ham Common, and that, of course, had something to do with it. His intense love for New York theater, to which his parents allowed him access while he was still a child, led straight to London and the pantomime at Drury Lane about which they told him, as it did to France, for there were French players and acrobats in New York at the time, and to Italy also because of Signor Léon Javelli "in whom the French and Italian charm appear to have met." Signor Javelli walked the tightrope.

Everything led to Europe: "What else can have happened but that, having taken over, under suggestion and with singular infant promptitude, a particular throbbing consciousness, I had become aware of the source at which it could best be refreshed?"

Soon he was to drink at this source, conducted by his understanding and helpful parents, who took him and William and Wilky to Europe under the impression that languages would be helpful. And so his highly unorthodox schooling in New York was continued by an even more random exposure to French, Swiss, German, and English tutors, drawing masters, and institutions of learning. We know what followed.

An early portrait by La Farge

Ingeniously and with entire conviction Henry James explains why he sought Europe. He does not indicate why his parents sought it before him or why it is that his own experience, so intense and conclusive, cannot be taken as an isolated and peculiar happening not experienced by other Americans, by so many before and after his times. It is an unsatisfactory commonplace to say that those mid-century Americans of James's boyhood who had the requisite leisure and money to do so were impelled—but why?—to rediscover Europe, and by bringing back odds and ends of the arts (the cameo from from the factory at Herculaneum, the academic composition of nymphs and goddesses from the Paris Salon) to rediscover the arts. Yet long before Henry James, and assiduously after him, Americans were subject to that disease of his, the longing for Europe, while not subject in the slightest degree to the special circumstances that determined it in him, or possessing his genius for turning it to advantage.

Regrettably, Henry James was satisfied with explaining his own case, or making the greatest effort to do so. He was sensitive to complaints that he lived abroad. But he was aware also of the larger issue, for he describes the pull of Europe on Americans—like another moon—with the inconclusive word "mystic,"

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and his account of the symptoms will be recognized by all who have suffered them.

There was all the evidence in the world to force upon him the recognition that among Americans he was in no way singular. Everywhere he traveled on the Continent, he was forever running into relatives and friends of the family. They would have a house in Paris or Lausanne, or they would have their favorite hotels in Florence, in Rome or in London. And everywhere some friend, some relative, had preceded them. Some of them frequented Europe for no other reason than that they enjoyed doing so. Many of them, like Henry, were after the "languages" and the arts. Most of them, in the end, came home.

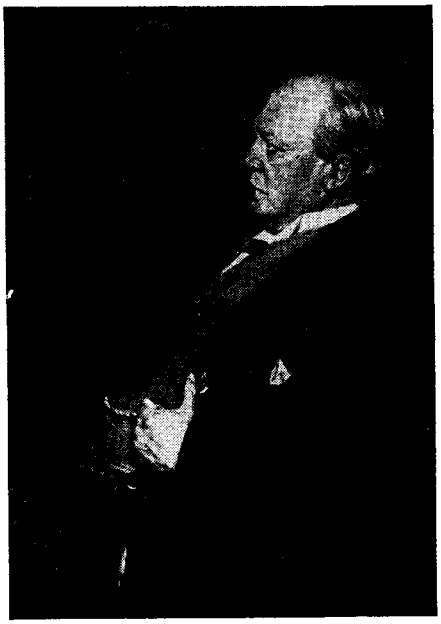
James was to think of one traveling compatriot with particular emotion. Vernon King dazzled him. He had "the intensely accent-giving stamp of the Latin quarter, which we so thinly imagined and so superficially brushed on our pious walks to the Luxembourg and through the parts where the glamour might have hung thickest." But young King resisted all the pulls of Europe and "found himself, with the outbreak of the [Civil] War, simply as the American soldier, and not under any bribe, however dim, of the epaulette or the girt sword; but just as the common enlisting native. . . " Vernon King was killed in action and James adds pathetically, in view of his own exclusion from the war by an accidental injury, that "all the fine privilege and fine culture of all the fine countries . . . had 'amounted' . . . to the bare headstone on the Newport hillside. . ."

Throughout his life, James in a hundred ways treated the problem of the American's reaction to Europe. He was never to solve it.

NOT EVERYONE in Europe lives under the shadow of Chartres, and if one attempts to explain Europe's charm—James loved that word—there is no use talking about man's imprint on nature as exemplified by the cathedrals, the orderly fields, the white provincial streets. Our cloverleaf highway transfer points imprint man's will on nature even more evidently, and so do buildings taller than San Gimignano's towers and—abandoning strident paradox—so do our white-fenced Kentucky pastures enclosing the colt still at play, or our white New England churches.

There is a statute of limitations on antiquity. Beyond a certain point defined by the effective memory of man, history does not impress. The Frenchman thinks of his heritage in terms no larger than we do our own: Charlemagne and Washington are equally remote. It is because they did not recognize this law that Mussolini and Hitler failed. Italians, persuaded to make the hypothetical noises the ancient Romans made when they felt inclined to cheer, never felt truly at home in any reconstruction of the Roman past. The Germans built bonfires to Thor, but the bonfires soon paled in the brighter conflagration they ignited.

All portraits from The Bettmann Archive



A portrait by J. E. Blanche

WHAT IS Europe's pull? Atavism? Or is it, as James, who had no Fowler to restrain him, might have said, only a *que sais-je?*

Whatever it is, he succumbed to it—for a time, it seemed, irrevocably. He was the expatriate against whom nationalists must bay and cry. Appearances are deceptive, but even the cumulative evidence of the novels—before these autobiographical works made everything clear—pointed to something quite other than the expatriate attitude. In James's fiction, Americans took on less and less prominence in the list of his characters. When they appeared it was not peculiarly as Americans, but to play their part in a whole which had little to do with nationalism. The décor might be British or Roman, just as Proust's décor was to be French, but the matter under consideration was the human heart, entangled in social affairs, limited in its manifestations by social circumstance—but only as a poem is limited to the quatrain, to the sonnet, to the selected form.

In his informed introduction Mr. Frederick W. Dupee suggests that by the time the autobiographical work was entered upon James "had no such quarrel with the time and place of his origins as he would very likely have had at the earlier period. His old feud with American culture had been qualified by his dismay at modernity in general." Surely his attitude was more positive. Once again Chateaubriand comes to mind: It was not any feeling of exhaustion or dismay or surfeit that accounts for the fact that the most moving of all those three thousand pages of his deal with his Breton childhood, with the silent woods outside the castle, and the father in the great hall pacing silently in and out of darkness, in and out of the light cast by the open hearth, and the child sitting there afraid to move until his father went to bed.

The artist's mind turns full circle. There is no escape from the youth that forms it. So, toward the end, Henry James, not grudgingly, turned back to his New York boyhood.

Ultima Thule at Twenty-third

Yet it was no question of a belated tribute to the past. The deepest meaning in his recapturing of youth lies in his recognition that the past never vanished, that all the work he was to do in later years had already been started, was already being ordered and planned and projected in those early Fourteenth Street years when *ultima Thule* was Twenty-third, and the child walked down Broadway to the delights of the English bookstore. It was in New York, not abroad, not later, that he discovered his vocation to have an "eye for the scene" and perceived that the scene would best be acted out by members of a society that meas-

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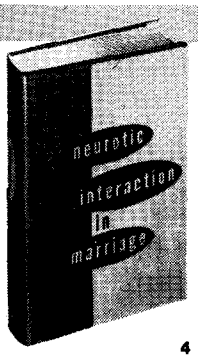

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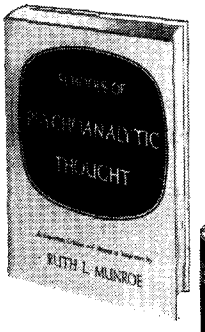

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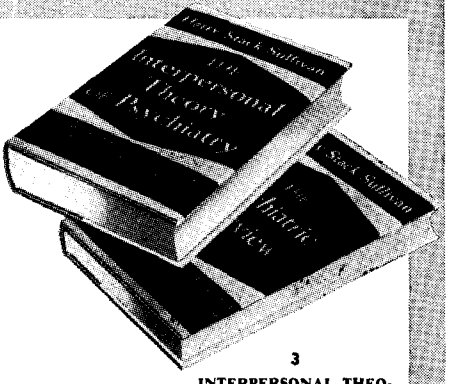

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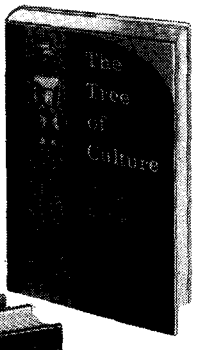

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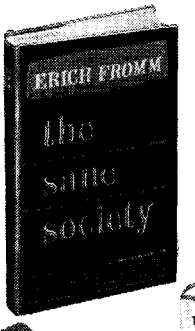

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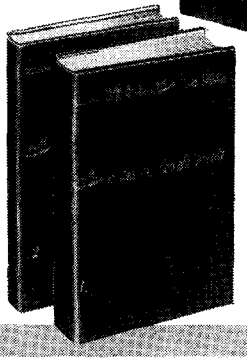

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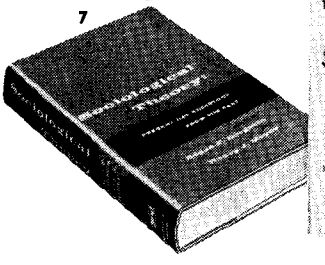

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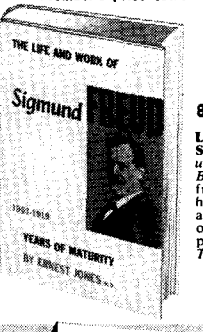

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ured its conduct against accepted standards. It was because of this that his work would be so largely dependent on conversation—on society conversation that suited him all the better in that it tended to conceal as well as to define.

The standards of New York society in the 1850's, at least those of the James family and their intimates, were as high as any he would encounter later: "a remarkable cluster of private decencies." And that society with its inscrutable ramifications of cousinship, its constant shuttling between Albany, Newport, and Rhinebeck, was surely as complicated as any he would later depict. Looking back at it was not really an expedition into the past. The London he had known for so many years was just as remote as New York, or, rather, neither of them was remote. Toward the end all of a man's life is the present. The *Autobiography* closes inconclusively—James did not live to conclude it, but that would have made no difference—with idle talk about a Lady Waterford's paintings and how agreeably he had attended their exhibition. That scene was no closer to him than the New York years.

So those American images come back to him with a sharpness no memory could summon, with the vividness of things that have never been absent. He lives with the seasons, the eternally recurrent seasons: "It is always a matter of winter twilight, firelight, lamplight." That is the house in New York. Or, "the afterglow of the great snowfalls of winter was to turn in particular to a blinding glare, an unequalled hardness of light." That was Cambridge, in his law-school days. Or the summers in Rhinebeck with his Aunt Elizabeth, "who had been Miss Bay of Albany," when the lady was gardening and he heard the sounds "of claws of bright benevolent steel that kept nipping for our charmed advantage: roses and grapes and peaches and currant-clusters, together with turns of phrase and scraps of remark that fell as by quite a like flash of shears."

Dictating to Miss Bosanquet in Chelsea, Henry James was at home again in America. He had never been far away.

Inside Outside

VIRGILIA PETERSON

THE OUTSIDER, by Colin Wilson. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

There are the Outsiders and there is the rest of mankind. The Outsiders ask: Who are we? What are we doing here? Where should we go and how should we get there? The others—those whom the author dubs "bourgeois" (ignoring the Marxian connotations of the word)—ask nothing and therefore do not count.

If you accept this arrogant exclusivity, if you are willing to assume

with the twenty-five-year-old British prodigy who wrote this book that man's existence is only justified in direct proportion to the intensity with which he questions existence itself, you will find in *The Outsider* what is probably one of the most fascinating detective stories of our time. Down the labyrinthine ways of the modern mind Mr. Wilson pursues with passion the evidence he needs to prove, not our innocence or our guilt, but our excuse for living. If in the end he seems to have evaded the ultimate question of whether God made us or we made Him, the chase he takes us on with such intensity is surely the only one worth the effort.

The author's own effort is almost inconceivable in the light of his youth. He must have begun to read over the top of his baby bottles and begun to take notes and correlate his reading while his contemporaries were still playing rounders. To attempt to assess his erudition would be absurd; to find the gaps that presumably exist in it, out of the question. If this first book were merely a pyrotechnical display of his intimacy with the life and work of Blake, Nietzsche, Thomas Traherne, George Fox, Aristophanes, Sri Ramakrishna, Dostoevski, Kafka, Tolstoy, T. E. Hulme, George Gurdjieff, the James family, Joyce, Eliot, Hemingway, Hermann Hesse, Barbusse, Van Gogh, Nijinsky, Sartre, Camus, Kierkegaard, and Shaw, it would be astonishing enough. But literary name dropper that Colin Wilson undoubtedly is, he dazzles the reader less by his showmanship than by his capacity for analysis and synthesis. Even for those who have read most of the works Mr. Wilson refers to, it must come as a high surprise to see in his hundreds of pertinent quotations the evidence of a common interior pattern, the common anxiety, the common recognition of original sin that he discovers.

The chief characteristic of the Outsider, Mr. Wilson postulates, is that he does not feel "at home in the world." The world's reality is not real to him. The Outsider stands alone, staring across the gulf that divides him from those who sweat for obvious gain, from those who accept what they see as all there is. The Outsider seeks in the intolerable darkness the light of truth, in enslavement some way to be free.

Not all Outsiders, however, look alike. The Outsider can be, for instance, but is not necessarily, the artist. He may be a Dostoevski relentlessly pursuing through book after book the key to life's abundance; he may be a Nietzsche who "speculates on speculation because he has speculation in his blood"; he

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may be a Nijinsky impaled on the lethal instrument of his own body; he may be a T. E. Lawrence driven to mental suicide by seeing too much and too deep; he may be a George Fox who cried "Wo to the bloody city of Lichfield!" in the marketplace and lost his outsideness in founding a faith; or he may be one of the existentialist protagonists in the novels of Barbusse, Sartre, or Hesse whose outsideness consists in the paralyzing nausea of the spectator of doom. But whoever he is, Mr. Wilson gets inside him, and in the whole panorama of human character, it is only, according to Mr. Wilson, what goes on inside the Outsider that counts.

Failure of Humanism?

Obviously, in his selection of Outsiders the author has had to be guilty of discrimination. He has had to refrain from employing as witnesses theologians and saints, for although they are Outsiders in the worldly sense, they are inside something and hence are saved. He is writing this book for those to whom salvation is a problem. He is writing for those whom T. S. Eliot names ". . . the children at the gate/Who will not go away and cannot pray," who are "terrified and cannot surrender." He is writing for those who do not believe all their tensions can be resolved by the psychiatrist. He is writing for those who do "not prefer *not to* believe," who dream of a solution forcing itself upon them without having to commit themselves to a "preliminary gesture of faith" they cannot make. He is writing for the religious man without a religion. He is writing for the confused martyrs of our day.

ALTHOUGH, in this story of the suffering Outsider, Mr. Wilson, true detective that he is, relies almost more than humanly possible on the internal evidence of the brains he picks to bolster his argument, he falls here and there into the dogmatic trap. Of the contemporary German writer Hermann Hesse, only a few of whose books have been translated into English and all but one are now out of print, he says: "Considered as a whole, Hesse's achievement can hardly be matched in modern literature. . ." Again, in his

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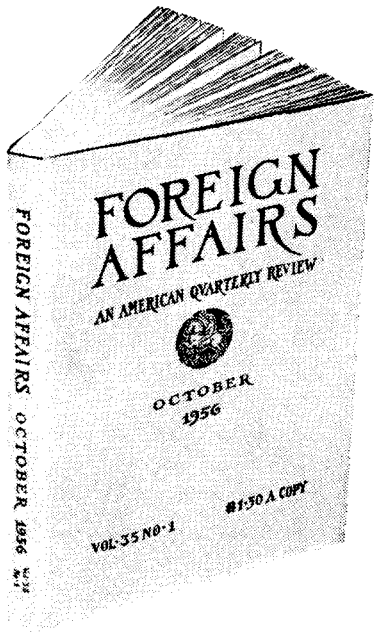

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account of Van Gogh as an Outsider whose emotions destroyed him, he remarks that some Van Gogh canvases "are more direct affirmations than any other painter has ever achieved (El Greco perhaps excepted) . . ."

Considerable exception might be taken to such claims as these. But to his most dogmatic assertion of all—that humanism has failed and the belief in man's perfectibility proved wholly hollow—there must be a cry of protest. Are all social reforms then to be held vain, all institutions of mercy and justice merely cenotaphs? Is the concept of brotherhood, for which so much blood has been gladly spilled, a fatuous dream? Is it fair—is it even true?—to contend that just because today (and perhaps every other day) we are manipulated by slogans of expediency, the struggle for a better society has been, is, and always will be empty folly?

Certainly for the Outsider, greater abundance of life can never be reduced to terms of material welfare. But if, as Mr. Wilson and many of the Outsiders he quotes believe, the body is not distinct from the soul, then surely to appease the world's physical hunger is to feed indirectly the world's soul. Yet he does not defend the validity of such work. Nor can he admit that it might also be God's.

HERE, then, in its inconclusive conclusion, lies any quarrel the reader may have with *The Outsider.* We are led, step by brilliantly disciplined step, to the well of religious belief, where Outsiders (and perhaps, Mr. Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding, some benighted Insiders too) long to drink. But young Mr. Wilson cannot bring himself to say whether or not this well, of which the visionaries in the book speak with such impassioned lucidity, has gone dry.

Ladders, Tunnels, And Colossal Nerve

AL NEWMAN

ESCAPE FROM GERMANY, by Aidan Crawley. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

On a mid-April morning in 1945, G. K. Hodenfield of *Stars & Stripes* and this reviewer took a wrong turn at a road fork, as happened often enough. We were some miles west of the River Saale on the 104th Infantry Division's eastward line of approach to Halle in central Germany. More than that we didn't know, and the road was ominously deserted under the bright sun. We were therefore somewhat relieved to see three figures in British battle dress trudging westward toward us. They turned out to be prisoners of war: an Australian, a New Zealander, and an Englishman. They had been working on a farm nearby until their master, hearing that American forces were approaching, had simply turned them adrift. What were they to do now? they asked us.

We told them that officially they were to stay where they were and behave themselves, but that unofficially it might be a good idea to find a German with an automobile, kick his backside black and blue if he objected to their commandeering it, and make off toward Paris or Brussels mooching gasoline and rations from rear-echelon units and supply dumps along the way.

For a moment the trio just looked shocked. Then the Australian spoke. "Ow now," he said. "*We* couldn't do *that.*" It was our turn to be shocked. We had always thought of Empire troops, particularly the Anzacs, as men of abounding spirit.

What we had forgotten, of course, was the years these three had spent as P.W.s. To us the Germans were a disagreeable, boring lot who had been caught with their great fat fingers clutching common decency's windpipe and now were whining noisily that "Hans vos a Nazi and

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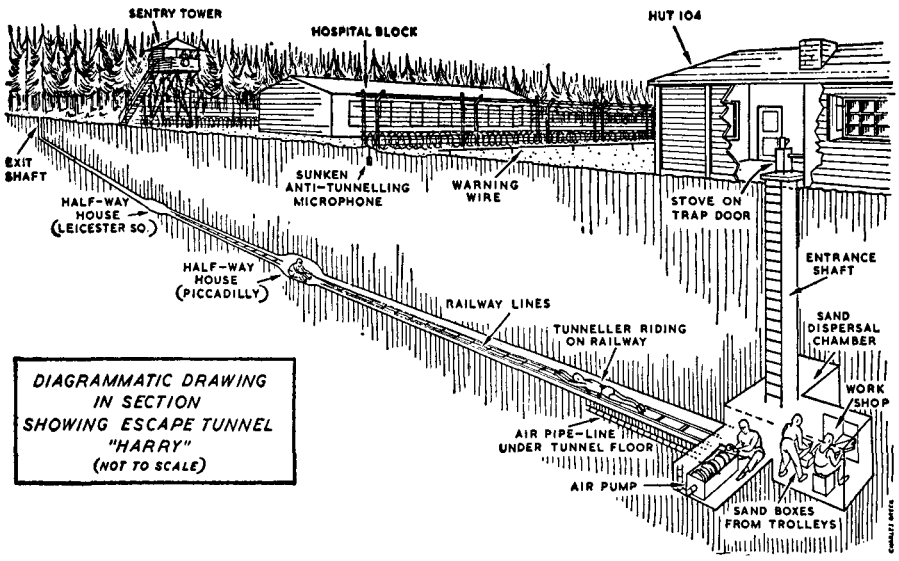
Illustration from 'Escape from Germany'



DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING IN SECTION SHOWING ESCAPE TUNNEL "HARRY" (NOT TO SCALE)

Fritz vos a Nazi, but me, I vos neffer a Nazi."

To the prisoners, though, the Germans were still the *Herrenvolk*.

'A Few Rare People'

One of the more perceptive chapters in Mr. Crawley's book—which confines itself quite sensibly to R.A.F. escapes—treats with this P.W. mentality and sets the record straight on what brave, kinetic types inveterate escapers had to be. "People are apt to imagine that when captured a man automatically longs to get away and that it is only the physical difficulties which prevent him. This is not true. Only a small percentage of prisoners of war ever make persistent attempts to escape; sooner or later the great majority accept captivity and try to endure it with as much cheerfulness as possible. . . . A few rare people, those who live for action, are never in any doubt about what they should do. For them capture is always unbearable and escape their only interest from the start; but for the great majority the immediate difficulties often seem insuperable and arguments for postponing the attempt overwhelming. . . ."

Having thus set his human terms, the author, an R.A.F. officer shot down over Libya in 1941, makes it plain that the Empire air forces contained more would-be escapers than any other service of any Allied country, and certainly this collection of carefully-documented stories tends to bear out what otherwise would sound like just another bit of service chauvinism.

"Over, under, or through" was the option for would-be escapers, whether they spent their interminable gray days in specially built wire - and - guard - tower - surrounded compounds in the open country or—tougher yet—ancient moated *Schlösser* perched on high hills.

The "through" of the formula was usually a matter of a command of German, a disguise, and the colossal nerve to walk past the Goons (guards) at the gates. Escapes were made by P.W.s gotten up as German soldiers and officers, as electricians, painters, and, in one instance, a chimney sweep.

The most spectacular "over" escape involved extinguishing the lights of Oflag VI B near Warburg on the night of August 30, 1942, while four well-rehearsed teams of ten used scaling ladders to get over two wire fences ten feet high and six feet apart. Twenty-nine of the forty got clear and three made the "home run" all the way to England via Holland.

It was the "under," however, the tunneling, that fascinated most would-be escapers, particularly the engineer, the handyman, the do-it-yourselfer. As Mr. Crawley points out, tunnels were a lot safer than other means because fewer prisoners got shot that way. But there were other hazards, such as buried microphones, sudden cave-ins, and bad air. "Between May 1942 and March 1943, although at least sixty were begun, no tunnel in any Air Force camp succeeded. . . ." The box score on tunnels for the entire war was

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seven completed, through which about two hundred men escaped. "Of these," the author adds dryly, "only eight reached England . . ."

The Story of HARRY

Mr. Crawley gives a brief description of the wooden-vaulting-horse ruse that brought freedom to three officers and made a dramatic post-war movie, but his best effort is the narrative description of the tunnel code-named HARRY in the north compound of the same camp, Stalag Luft III at Sagan, eighty miles southeast of Berlin. When completed, HARRY was two feet high, two feet wide, 336 feet long, and more than twenty feet below the surface. It contained an electric-lighting system, a manually operated railway for the transportation of sand and tunnel workers, a workshop, and a crude air-conditioning system. Its entrance was a trapdoor formed by the base of an old-fashioned stove.

Six hundred men worked on HARRY. Their chief problem was the dispersal and concealment of fresh sand, which came out at the rate of about one ton for every 3.5 feet of tunnel. The maximum distance dug in a day came to fourteen feet, and the record for sand disposal—by P.W.s with eight-pound sacks concealed in their trouser legs—rested at 3,600 pounds in one hour.

ON THE moonless night of March 23, 1943, HARRY was ready. Between 10:30 P.M. and 4:55 A.M. seventy-six of the two hundred men ready to escape got through and away before a sentry stumbled across the tunnel exit and several P.W.s who had just emerged.

The sad sequel was the unprecedented murder of fifty recaptured men by the Gestapo under orders from Hitler. Three of the escapers—two Norwegians and one Dutch officer of the R.A.F.—made it all the way. Their nationalities would seem to argue that a Britisher, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," had a hell of a hard time passing himself off as anything but British.

The dismal statistic of only thirty successful "home runs" during the whole war by R.A.F. prisoners, whose total reached fifteen thousand, would tend further to support that theory.

Book Notes

ANTONELLO DA MESSINA. Text by Stefano Bottari. 51 illustrations with 39 in color. *New York Graphic Society. $18.*

Antonello's portraits are Roman or Etruscan in their tough individuality; the landscapes in which he places his Annunciations and Crucifixions are Flemish, Venetian, or Sicilian: In art, the fifteenth century knew no frontiers in time or space. With this volume the publishers, whose series in collaboration with UNESCO was reviewed in *The Reporter* of June 28, start a new program of exceptional art books.

SO FELL THE ANGELS, by Thomas Graham Belden and Marva Robins Belden. Illustrated. *Little, Brown. $5.*

The Civil War fever rages on. Here is a book pegged on Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, but it is more the story of his daughter Kate and her husband, who are not of transcendent historic importance but whose lives reflected a fascinating squalor on the august official.

Kate Chase was quite a girl: queen of Washington society; confidante and adviser of men who passed as statesmen; hoopskirted politician who worked tirelessly to make her father President and who at least succeeded, through the influence of her lover, the flamboyant Senator Roscoe Conkling, in keeping Chase's old rival, Samuel J. Tilden, out of the Presidency.

Kate married William Sprague IV largely to provide financial backing for her father's political aspirations. Sprague's inherited textile fortune of $25 million, give or take a few, had made him Democratic "Boy Governor" of Rhode Island, and doubtless was instrumental in his election as Senator by the state legislature.

In this painstakingly researched and skillfully constructed book, Chase the crusader against slavery, Chase the sincere Christian, Chase the able governor of Ohio, Chase the resourceful national financier, and Chase the courageous Chief Justice are subordinated to the long-drawn-out scandal of his daughter's marriage and her subsequent degradation. Chase's public acts are shown as consistently motivated by an overweening political ambition that was always thwarted by people he—and the daughter who remained faithful only to him—considered incompetent lesser men, such as Abraham Lincoln.

THE NUN'S STORY, by Kathryn Hulme. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.*

Nuns who leave their nunneries usually have a great deal to complain about. Here, for a change, is a nun who exalts what she leaves. Kathryn Hulme speaks for the Belgian girl who served heroically as a nurse in the Congo, was recalled to Belgium, and because nothing could prevent her hating the Nazis, left an institution that could not admit hatred. Furthermore as a nun Sister Luke found that her spontaneous personal devotion to suffering people conflicted with her order's insistence on contemplative devotion: She stayed with the dying when the bell called her to prayer.

This book, filled with action and excitement, goes to the heart of the Christian paradox, admitting as it does that Christianity is in a sense "unnatural." For it is not virtue alone—who is against virtue?—that the highest Christian life demands, but that virtue itself be transcended. In the view of Christian monasticism the key to this rise above natural virtue is the word obedience, the only discipline through which self-centeredness, even the most virtuous, can be surmounted.

In *The Nun's Story* the debate is conducted at the high level it demands—through intensely living characters.

MALONE DIES, by Samuel Beckett. Translated from the French by the author. *Grove Press:* an Evergreen Book, *$1.25;* hardbound 500-copy limited edition, *$3.75.*

In this novel by the author of *Waiting for Godot,* the world that most of us still have the weakness or wisdom to love is dismissed with unparalleled contempt and ruthless invective—but in words and images of unusual beauty.

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